

Poems of Living Truth

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R. B. Osborne.



POEMS OF LIVING TRUTH.

BY

RICHARD B. OSBORNE.

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DEDICATED

*To my Children and Relatives, for whom my prayers ascend,
That in the saving Love of Christ their lives on earth may end.
To those who look beyond this world, and Christ's salvation prize,
And hope to reach a happy home with Him in Paradise.
To those who zealously pursue the fleeting things of Time,
And choose its baubles, but reject realities sublime.
To followers of creeds that men outside the Bible state,
This little work, based on God's Truth, itself does dedicate.*

SUBJECTS TREATED OF.

On earth our present Life;
Then Life that is to be;
Dissolution—Death;
And an Eternity;
Earth to be redeemed;
Christ's Second Advent sure;
The Church of Christ esteem'd;
Israel's final cure;
America most bless'd;
Call'd to take her stand,
And help to send God's Truth
To each benighted land;
The close of Gentile age;
And Christ's Millennium;
The Bible's sacred page;
The Judgment Day to come;
For man alone Christ died,
No other world can claim
Salvation thus supplied,
And glory thro' His name.

Good seed sown in faith,
That it will bring forth fruit.

INTRODUCTORY.

As Souvenirs for my kith and kin,
Three hundred and fifty pages of
sacred Poems were originally written.

The publication of these has been
urgently suggested, and as they are
witnesses for Bible Truth, it has been
deemed a duty to acquiesce, for the
benefit of others.

The present little work contains
about one-third of these poems, and
their appreciation may encourage the
publication of the rest,

Poems of Living Truth.

NATIONAL.

THE NATION'S PRAYER FOR PRESIDENT GARFIELD.

Wounded, July 2d.

Died at Elberon, July 19th, 1881.

July 2d, 1881.

This nation, in its pride and strength,
Is by affliction brought at length,
 To bow before its God;
To join in humble, earnest prayer,
That He, its Christian Head, would spare,
 And hide the chastening rod.

We hail it as a certain sign,
That 'twas an influence Divine
 Which stir'd this nation's heart,
And made its people humbly kneel
In faith to offer an appeal,
 That God would life impart.

Those prayers will recognition meet,
And rest before the Mercy Seat,
 For God's all-wise reply:
He may our President restore,
Or bless our people even more,
 Though letting Garfield die!

"God's will be done." *It will be right,*
Tho' He our present hope may blight,
 He will the nation bless
That in affliction's trying hour
Acknowledg'd His controlling power,
 And did His name confess.

POEMS OF LIVING TRUTH.

God uses means, this change of air
 May bring the answer to our prayer,
 And raise our prostrate chief;
 Or He His servant may remove,
 His faithfulness and love to prove,
 To strengthen our belief.

September 19th, 1881.

He's gone! The Nation's honor'd Head
 Is number'd now among the dead
 Embalm'd in Nation's grief,
 Our people watch'd, with England's Queen,
 Most anxiously the suff'ring scene,
 Around our martyr'd Chief.

He's gone! yet left our States a store
 Of unity not felt before,
 Completing Lincoln's task.
 Thus God, in His fidelity,
 Gave blessings we did not foresee,
 For which we failed to ask.

He heard this Nation's earnest cry,
 And sent the blessing in reply,
 He deem'd for it the best.
 God rules on earth, and while we pray
 For His wise guidance, day by day,
 This Nation will be blest.

Many long ages had pass'd o'er
 The Eastern hemisphere before
 The Western world was known;
 God had reserv'd this land to be
 Home of the strong, progressive, free,
 Who would His guidance own.

Absolv'd from all usurping pow'r,
 Among the nations as a Tower,
 To shed a beacon light,
 To own no king or sovereign
 But God who o'er all worlds does reign,
 The Author of all right.

Garfield is dead! The Nation stands,
 'Tis in its own Creator's hands,
 And subject to His will;
 And while its people keep His laws,
 He will sustain the people's cause,
 And bless the Nation still.

THE END OF THE CENTENNIAL YEAR.

December 31st, 1876.

As streams float on, with all they bear,
 Into the boundless sea,
 So passes this Centennial year
 With all its blessings, hope and fear,
 Into Eternity.

A nation's age, a nation's pride,
 With joy it does complete;
 Yet 'twill men's destinies decide
 When all the nations will be tried
 Before God's judgment seat.

It mingles now with ages gone,
 Yet keeps its record clear,
 To be produced before the throne,
 When each for self must stand alone,
 And final sentence hear.

The record, too, of uprightness,
Fidelity, and care,
As fruits of living righteousness,
Which crown'd man's efforts with success,
Will duly then appear.

'Twill also tell of virtue stained,
Of worldly honors lost,
Of highest worldly honors gain'd,
Of wealth, position, fame attain'd,
But at salvation's cost.

'Twill show that some used patriot's love,
As cloak for grossest wrong;
That love of money oft did prove,
(Whatever motives else did move)
For worldly men too strong.

'Twill then the real patriots show,
Were those whose strength and youth
Went forth, that fellow-men might know
How great a boon Christ did bestow
On those who love God's Truth.

'Twill point out those who walked by faith,
In Christ, for sinners slain;
Who kept the straight and narrow path,
And studied what the Scripture saith,
Eternal life to gain.

Who scatter'd Bibles through the land,
To give the people light,
That as a nation they might stand,
Defended by the Lord's own hand,
Adherents to the right.

We hail that glorious jubilee,
 God's great millennial year,
 Exalting Christ's humility,
 To share with His Divinity
 The crown that He will wear.

A crown whose brightest gems will shine
 For those whom Christ will gather
 As trophies of His work Divine,
 Whom by His death He did design
 To live with Him forever.

GOD'S DEALINGS WITH EARTH'S HEMISPHERES.

The Centennial Celebration of the Inauguration of the First President
 of the United States of North America.

June, 1889.

Man's wisdom comes from God, the only source,
 By which our world progresses in its course;
 He gives the light that opens blinded eyes,
 He causes scientists to scrutinize
 The deep things of His laws.
 For more than forty centuries, 'tis plain,
 From Eastern hemisphere He did retain
 Much light, and knowledge, whereby men advance,
 A proof that progress does not come by chance,
 But from the Great First Cause.

Through many ages, men believed the whole
 Of earth's domain was what they did control,
 Yet of its bounds they knew but e'en a part,
 While skill'd, and busy in constructive art,
 They did not know earth's form was like a globe,
 Which the same sun and oceans did enrobe,
 Till God wrought out the plan,

That sent Columbus o'er the unknown tide,
To find the "new world," stretching far and wide,
"America," most rich, embracing ev'ry clime,
And in God's hands, to do a work sublime,
For benefit of man.

God had reserv'd her for this closing age,
To change the records of earth's blotted page,
A centre that should throw out rays of light,
And teach to nations man's God-given right
Of Life and Liberty.

Based on God's Truth, unfetter'd, plain, and pure,
With Christ sole Priest to make redemption sure,
He raised up men to break the foreign yoke,
Who for their guidance did His aid invoke
As their security.

No king or prince to rule with iron sway,
God gave the people wisdom for each day,
Amenity to law, and order, reign'd,
And Christian influence in council gain'd,
Establishing the right.

God form'd the nation almost in a day,
And bless'd its progress in a wondrous way,
Gave it prosperity, increas'd its store,
Beyond what He had done to aught before,
And shed on it true light.

Beneath His influence the nation grew,
Its leaders wise, though yet its people few,
Till hosts from persecution sought her coast,
Where man was man, and industry could boast
Of compensation fair.
But one dark blot did her escutcheon stain,
The "old world" curse of Ham, brought here for gain.

In this fair land were multitudes enslaved;
From such enormity God will'd it saved,
And heard His people's prayer.

This question ne'er was solv'd by man's device,
The North lov'd peace, almost at any price,
But God resolved to wipe the stain away,
He would not let Americans betray
The country in their trust;
And He brought war, with all its tenfold woes,
Turn'd brethren dear into intestine foes,
To shed each other's blood in cruel strife,
For those they spurned in domestic life,
For God will have men just.

This war continued for some years in vain,
With changing success, each did loss sustain,
Carnage and devastation ran their course,
The North well tried by its opposing force,
Was made to know God's will.
God made it possible for one man pow'r
To give millions freedom in an hour,
When Lincoln, with a pen of truth divine,
His name unto that grand Proclaim did sign,
God's mandate to fulfill.

Lincoln, the honest, fearless, faithful, plain,
The humble instrument God did ordain,
By simple proclamation to set free,
Five million souls from abject slavery,
Soon wore the martyr's crown.
His name, not written on Time's shifting sands,
But grav'd in Adamant, eternal stands;
Record of love to Western hemisphere,
That will not pale when she shall also share
Millennian renown.

Christ's people said "that till the slave was freed,
The Northern forces never would succeed,"
And this prov'd true, for Lincoln's edict gave
First sign that God would now in mercy save

 The land from much more strife,
Would quell the storm that had been raging long,
And calm the feelings of the brave and strong,
Teach to the mourners songs of heart-felt praise,
And give the nation rest, in brighter days,
 And bring about new life.

God rais'd up Grant, the servant of His hand,
Gave to him wisdom—placed him in command.
The valiant South, worthy of better cause,
Fought bravely for their own misguiding laws,
 But had to yield the fight,
Their heroes fell in battle at their posts,
For who could stand against the Lord of Hosts?
And Lee, the noble leader of their side,
Yielded the cause, and bid the South decide,
 For Union and the Right.

Then love of brothers, that the storm surviv'd,
Was by the strong hearts well exemplified;
No boast of prowess, but with feelings kind,
The heroes met in sympathetic mind,
 For Union ne'er to fail.
The world ne'er saw such unanimity,
Succeeding strife of such intensity,
Nor did they know before, how grand a pow'r
Could rise from Union as a beacon tow'r,
 For country's common weal.

Europe amazed how quickly peace did reign;
Where life-blood only had wip'd out the stain.

The nation reconciled, without one slave,
The land now truly free, home of the brave,
 Thus man wrought God's design.
Then God bro't, in His mercy, blessed peace,
And death and ruin in a day did cease,
Tho' sad mementoes ev'rywhere appear'd,
For whom the nation generously cared,
 With pensions most benign.

War is God's scourge of national great sin,
That man may truth in the affliction win,
Blessings can't rest on those who wrong do seek—
He can the weak make strong, the strong make weak:
 He is the people's shield.
God's lovingkindness never yet has failed,
The Union sealed, prosperity prevailed,
The people called to shew their gratitude,
Thanksgiving rose from a great multitude
 For mercies then revealed.

Then God wrought out a national event,
That open'd up the Western continent;
Rails join'd Atlantic's and Pacific's shore,
A blessing sought, but granted not before,
 Because 'twas not His will.
Science secured by learning laws Divine,
Taught unto man, by influence benign,
God did for ages, from all nations hide,
But with the new world spread His teachings wide,
Taught things the scientists ne'er knew before,
And elevated man the wide world o'er,
 His purpose to fulfill.

Hence came the steam-wing'd messengers, whose pace
Almost annihilates the longest space,

A pow'r that takes from toil its drudgery,
 And makes a ferry of Atlantic Sea,
 All these are God's design.
 God has in part been pleased to clearly state
 To man a pow'r that does earth permeate,
 The great electric influence—occult
 To men—till taught to work out its result,
 By lessons all Divine.

For man knows not what is this influence,
 From whence does flow its subtle existence.
 Whether 'tis substance, fluid, or a force,
 Or is magnetic in its secret course,
 'Tis God's will to conceal.
 Yet step by step, He'll ope the blinded eyes,
 To truths scientists never could surmise,
 Show further facts, that will with wonder fill,
 And make the world obedient to His will,
 When He does them reveal.

God honors men, His instruments to be,
 And if they're wise, they'll search the truth to see,
 That He is working in this closing age
 (And men may read it on its ev'ry page)
 For His dear Son's return,
 To take His pow'r, and o'er all nations reign,
 And cleanse our earth of sin's polluting stain,
 May we not hope, this Western world will be
 Marked as a land of Christianity
 Where Christ will too sojourn?

The nation's life now counts *a hundred years*,
 And thankful joy o'er all the land appears,
 Oh, may her people steadfast hold the Truth.
 As did their Leaders in the nation's youth,
 A hundred years ago.

If Gentile dispensation still remain,
 If Christ shall not have come to earth again,
 That God's great gifts may still upon us rest
 To make this nation 'bove all others blest

A hundred years from now.

The great events God promises to man,
 Will be the climax of His wondrous plan,
 This nation 'stablished in this closing age,
 He surely will as instrument engage

To carry out His will;
 To gather Israel to their native land,
 Where o'er all nations she will take her stand,
 When her Redeemer will in pow'r come,
 To make Jerusalem earth's glorious home
 His promise to fulfill.

The nations where millennian Truth was taught,
 Where Christ's salvation was in earnest sought,
 When the great kingdom of "*the mighty stone*"
 Shall take its place, and rule o'er earth alone

And on the nations fall,
 Will be the factors in the glorious plan,
 To bring back righteousness to erring man,
 To make earth bloom with joy to see the face
 Of her dear Lord, and be the dwelling place
 Of Christ the all in all.

America and England have well tried
 To spread God's truth throughout earth's regions wide,
 While apostacy, foretold, at home is seen.
 Among the churches, where the Truth has been:

All which does indicate
 That there are nations which will be on hand
 To welcome Christ when He on earth shall stand,

His glory and His pow'r to her to bring,
 As honor'd birth-place of her Lord and King,
 Her promised happy state.

But from each land, and clime, and isle of sea,
 Will gather then His own elect, to be
 His witnesses of triumph over sin,
 Acme on earth of what He did begin
 In humble Bethlehem.
 America, the nation highly blest,
 And favor'd more than any of the rest,
 Whose age now marked by just a century,
 Grown to a giant, though in infancy,
 Should surely be with them.

NATIONAL THANKSGIVING.

Thanksgiving! 'Tis the anthem that peals around God's throne,
 The song of the redeemed host, while Heav'n itself is known,
 It rises from creation, from mountain, vale, and sea,
 The silent aspiration, from flower, shrub, and tree,
 From ripple of the rivulet, and flow of mighty stream,
 From sun, and moon, and stars, thro' which the light of Heav'n does
 beam.

Earth's things, tho' veil'd beneath the curse of man's inglorious fall,
 Thanksgiving freely give to God, the Maker of them all.
 For the earnest expectation of creation waiteth long
 For revelation of God's Son, and righting of the wrong.
 For earth, the birth-place of her Lord, when to her He does come,
 Will be renewed and beautified, in righteousness to bloom.
 But what of man, God's noblest work, in His own image made,
 Is there by him, for mercies, a like thanksgiving paid?
 God, thro' all ages, has proclaim'd, man is in duty bound
 To yield thanksgiving unto Him, for blessings showered round.

He claims from man especially, thanksgiving, love and praise,
 Obedience, and acknowledgement of Him, in all his ways.
 'Twas man who brought the curse of sin, a happy earth to blight,
 And nullified the signature, to his God-given right.
 For him the *light of Heav'n* was quench'd, his birthright to restore,
 And give him an inheritance more blessed than before.
 Because the price was *infinite*, God only could bestow
 To save his ruin'd soul from death, and its eternal woe
 Thanksgiving is most surely due from man, the ransom'd one,
 To God for full salvation, by His atoning Son.
 Yet, while all Christian souls delight to yield Him thanks and praise,
 Alas, what numbers Him ignore, upon these special days,
 In carnal mirth and feasting, in pleasures lower still,
 They think the mandate of the day they perfectly fulfill.
 The poet says, "The Sword of Heav'n is not in haste to strike,"
 Nor yet does linger, tho' its use God does in love dislike.
 'Tis well our various governments acknowledge, and proclaim,
 A National Thanksgiving, to the Almighty's name:
 And He will render in return, a blessing more than meet
 For National acknowledgement He ever loves to greet.

THAT NATION PROSPERS THAT KEEPS THE SABBATH DAY.

Lines on the contemplated keeping open on the Sabbath day the
 Columbian World's Fair in 1892.

Columbus was the instrument, God did in love prepare,
 To give new light, by finding out the Western Hemisphere.
 The millions that will celebrate this grand discovery,
 Acknowledge that success was gain'd by God's authority.
 'Twas He who did Columbus guide o'er seas unknown before,
 And shielded his frail bark until he reached the unknown shore.
 His first footprint upon our sands was earnest of the Power,
 That since has been the people's stay, in every trying hour;

He planted here a nation, and destined it to be
 A light to other half of earth, great, prosperous, and free.
 And will our people who await, this national display,
 Allow it to *insult their God, and desecrate His day?*
 God gave the Sabbath with the rest of His created good,
 Because essential unto man, as is his daily food.
 The many blessings that have come upon this favor'd land,
 Are largely that it pays respect to this Divine command.
 And shall we, like the olden world, in our prosperity,
 Treat our Guide, and Benefactor, with infidelity?
 If so—as happened to them, the blessings will remove,
 And curses take the place of that which would a progress prove.
 Ye people of America, unfetter'd, free to act,
 Rise in your might, and Europe show, that here lives one great fact,
 That He who rules the universe is *America's Guide*,
 And for His law of Sabbath Day will evermore decide.
 The Christians of America, this wicked move to meet,
 Should appeal unto our rulers this project to defeat.

The Sabbath—Ezek. xx: 12-23; Exodus xxxi: 13; xx: 8-11; Lev. xvi:
 31; xix: 30; xxv: 2; Mark ii: 27, 28.

PARLIAMENT OF RELIGIONS AT WORLD'S FAIR, 1893.

What tho' the Savans of the East upon our soil dictate,
 The doctrines of their many creeds for us to imitate,
 The God of nations reigns.

While Religion's Parliament convenes at the World's Fair,
 With Buddhists, and Confucians, and So-in-toists there,
 With Brahmins and with Jains,

While Theosophists, and Romanists, and Scientists, and Greeks,
 Have vaunted forth their doctrines all, thro'out the various weeks,
 With volubility.

Where were the living Protestants, America's great power,
Whose duty 'twas on their own soil to stand forth in that hour
For Christianity?

God sent Columbus o'er the sea unto a world unknown,
A Western world He reserved for purpose of His own,
Which He has since revealed.
He ruled o'er her, and brought her forth, a land of great renown,
A refuge for the world's oppressed, and for the trodden down,
Humanity's great field!

For centuries four, America before the world has stood,
The hope of ev'ry toiling one for welfare and life's good,
Where they have found a home.
Her prairies and her woodlands bloom, her valleys teem with wealth,
And millions have within her found prosperity and health;
And millions still do come!

What nation has Almighty God of all this earth so blest?
She stands thro' love Divine to-day, in many things the best
Where man has ever trod.
We feel that for our country, God has laid a wondrous plan
To carry out His great design for Brotherhood of Man
And Fatherhood of God.

And shall her sons who gather'd at the great Columbian fair,
List passively to fables old, from Eastern Hemisphere,
That blurs each Bible page,
That puts Mahomet in Christ's place, the Koran makes man's guide,
And sets the Word of the Most High entirely aside
In this enlighten'd age?

Can bold Theosophists expect, by sophisms, to undo
What has been to this nation taught as only good and true,
And ground into her laws?

The Sophistry of these Savans must find some other field,
For those who live in this free land will never to them yield,
In such a holy cause.

The independent Protestants, who know no Priest but One,
Cannot be hoodwink'd, or trod down, as has been hereto done,
For they its ills construe.
E'en Romanists are throwing off the cords that did them bind,
And in our public schools are taught enlightenment to find,
Despite the effort new,
To make the Pope a ruler here, and build up a defence
Of his old tottering rule elsewhere, by Priestly influence,
Which they propose to do.

The Romanists are but one-sixth of all in this free land,
While fifty millions certainly will Papal rule withstand,
As God did foreordain.
Yet they attempt to close God's Word in all our public schools,
And substitute for our wise laws their own ungodly rules:
But they will try in vain.

Professing much, they contradict true Christianity,
As fatal to the Truth as schemes of dark mythology,
That do men deify.
The Pope says that the Bible is God's own inspir'd Word,
Yet puts a creature he reveres before our blessed Lord,
And thus does Christ deny.

But God will overrule the power that seeks to interfere
With the prospects, and the progress, of this Western Hemisphere,
Which He has so much bless'd.
He has reserv'd her to this age, to wear an aspect bright,
And lift the torch of Liberty, in Oriental night,
Relieving the distress'd.

We need not then Mahomet fear, nor Islam's priesthood dread,
 In this free land where Christ is preached, and God's own word is read,
 And Sunday schools abound;
 Where men are taught respect for Law, and to uphold the Right,
 That righteousness alone exalts a nation in God's sight,
 And has His favor found.

Where persecution cannot by authority be led,
 And Inquisition cannot raise its bloody, treacherous head,
 By sordid gain inflam'd.
 Its flag was *furl'd* when Columbus first landed on our shore,
 It *died* when Washington assum'd the Presidential pow'r,
 And Liberty proclaimed.

For nine and thirty years it held its own unbridled sway,
 In the land of this Columbus, who is honor'd here to-day,
 And thirteen thousand slew.
 Columbus then with Queen of Spain had little influence,
 And in this matter 'tis but just to stand for his defence,
 As much he never knew.

Tho' near two hundred thousand men to punishment were brought,
 Who dared to have a mind to think, and did express that thought,
 Which this Queen ne'er disown'd.
 While cruelties that can't be nam'd, the Inquisition gave,
 And powerless the people were, their brethren to save,
 While Ferd'nand was enthroned.

But *Christ is coming back again*, this world to supervise,
 And change this earth, His native land, into a Paradise,
 And make her truly grand.
 Where, then, will dark Mahomet be, and all the other isms,
 But banish'd in entirety, beyond e'en criticisms?
 While Christian life will stand.

Our memory of Columbus, put from us very far
The wish that with his native land we ever should have war.
When free Columbia was called on, rights human to maintain,
War became duty, not for fame, or territorial gain.
She fed Spain's starving multitudes, that lacked that aid too long,
While we used peaceful arguments to counteract the wrong.
Spain acted with duplicity, then Dewey's bold design
Destroyed all of the Spanish fleet at Isles of Philippine.
While Schley wrecked all Cervera's fleet near Santiago Bay,
That made great efforts to escape by steaming fast away.
Five and twenty thousand Spaniards to Shafter's men did yield,
Surrendering to half that force, the Santiago field.
In two weeks was this victory given our army over Spain,
Which left her not one cherished hope that she could entertain.
Associations for God's Truth form'd parts of all our camps,
And follow'd wheresoe'er they went, their military tramps.
Our government, and our leaders, of our land and naval force,
Acknowledged the Almighty, for all blessings our resource;
Captain Philip, of the *Texas*, call'd his men from their posts,
And told them his reliance had been on the Lord of Hosts,
And asked them to lift up their hearts and his thanksgivings share,
For giving them the victory, and His protecting care.
Petitions from our churches rose for peace and for success,
And that the Lord our patriots would still protect and bless.
The battle is not to the strong, if God does not them bless,
And therefore did they with accord the Lord of hosts confess.
Our Government ne'er advocated vengeance wreak'd on Spain,
For the well prov'd treachery to the peaceful, trusting *Maine*.
Her anchorage selected for her, Spain was bound to see
Her peaceful visitor secured from any injury.
And failing in this duty, she has stereotyp'd a stain
On her constant boasted honor, the false pretence of Spain;
For time will ne'er exonerate that nation from disgrace
Of letting death and insult rise right in the very face
Of America's courtesy, as shown her just before
At New York, where her ship was hail'd in harbor and ashore.

We most justly could expect at Havana we should find
Like treatment, under laws that do all other nations bind.
But results show that the honor, of which Spain loves to boast,
Was little thought of, or 'twould seem was altogether lost.
Our general picture of the nations does, of course, exclude
Many of a different mould, and which it does include:
God has His faithful witnesses for Truth in ev'ry land,
Whilst unbelievers ev'rywhere do boldly take their stand.
Spain then has her Christians, who for sinners preach and pray.
While many Christless, prayerless men are in America.
But Spanish Christendom has left her in a fearful plight,
With sixty-eight per cent. of all who cannot read or write,
Thus shutting out from them God's Word, giv'n for salvation,
And hanging as a pall, clouds of darkness o'er the nation.
Looking at the reverse of this, America we see,
Proclaiming man's God-given rights with life and liberty,
To perfect man's intelligence by educating all,
Is the first duty that receives prompt answer to its call.
She has near fifteen million pupils in her schools enrolled,
With near half a million teachers, their intellects to mould.
Of all on whom thro'out our world, such teaching is conferred,
America can claim at least to represent one-third.
Having but one-twentieth of the world's population,
She spends one-half of all that's spent for such education.
School estates amount to near five hundred million dollars,
She spends each year nine score millions, for her public scholars.
Guided by its righteous rulers, to make its primal start,
This nation has assum'd before the world its special part;
Its influence abroad does now most beneficial prove,
And in a strict neutrality, do all the Powers move.
One writer says war is adverse to spirit of our age,
Yet the Bible clearly states, men will still in war engage.
War will lead the great tribulation, ere the Prince of Peace
Will at His own millennial reign, alone cause war to cease.
He says with spirit of our times war now is out of keep;
But from the *Sign of Times* we can clear information reap.

We know that the French and German, Russian and other hosts,
 Have more than twenty million men at military posts,
 Marshal'd to fight for fancied rights, possessions, or renown,
 With all the new appliances, more deadly than e'er known.
 Yes, scourge of war will visit earth, until our Lord does come,
 And Satan is in prison bound, during Millennium;
 A thousand years of righteous reign, ere closing age of Time,
 The only age of Peace on earth, most blessed and sublime.
 Then Satan free awhile, will stir the nations near and far,
 With Gog and Magog against Christ, in the last greatest war,
 A mighty host, as numerous as sands on the sea shore,
 Will gather round Jerusalem, Satan's power to restore:
 God will send down fire from heaven, and all their hosts consume,
 And Satan doom'd will never more his wiles on earth assume.
 This *last war* will mark end of Time, when Judgment seat will rise,
 And all that liv'd will summon'd be unto the great assize.
 So but for just one thousand years of reign of Prince of Peace,
 War on this earth can never rest till Time itself will cease.
 Continuation then of War, is clear from facts, and Truth,
 To Bible statements we refer, which is the only proof.
 Rev. xix: 19-21; xx: 7-10; xxii: 16-19; xvi: 16.
 Our war with Spain is but an episode of God's designs,
 With which our nation's welfare He inscrutably combines.
 'Tis ours to pray for blessings on the patriots who've gone
 To fight for rights of the oppress'd, till they have conquest won.
 In three months from the call to arms, Spain offered to make Peace,
 And the wisest of her leaders, "thought that the war should cease."
Campos says, "We never thought that our loss would be so great;
 "Our two fine squadrons now have met an unexpected fate,
 "Santiago has surrender'd, with all the country round,
 "While the loss of Porto Rico may well our hearts confound.
 "No one could have imagin'd we should such misfortune meet,
 "Especially the capture of our Santiago fleet.
 "'Tis madness to reject Peace now, with the United States;
 "The terms are truly liberal, in our embarrass'd straits."
 The blessing of the Lord thro'out, did on our side descend,

And hence Campos' expectation did most abruptly end.
 With more honor than our foes, tho' of this still they boast,
 We fed, reliev'd, engaged to send home, all their captur'd host;
 Our hospitals were packed full with their sick and wounded men,
 Who were treated kindly, car'd for until restored again.
 Yet they fired on our wounded, when borne from the field,
 Vile act from which their boasted honor never can them shield.

August 12th, 1898.

And now the war is over, and the great protocol sign'd,
 Which Spain and the United States to future peace does bind.
 In sixteen weeks from the first date, when Spain was notice giv'n,
 She has for cause, the most humane, from ev'ry post been driv'n.
 Amazing blessings rested on those that the Lord did choose
 To alleviate the trodden down and dissipate their woes.
 The injury to all our ships was marvellously light,
 While *all* the Spanish fleet was wreck'd, in Santiago fight!
 They lost in officers and men, made up from each ship's crew,
Six hundred, while our *total* loss was stated to be *two*!
 The moving question, *Cuba free?* was put without delays,
 In fact, 'twas settled by three contests, lasting but *four days*!
 First in harbor of Manilla, on the second of May,
 The next was on July the third, under Commodore Schley,
 With Shafter's heroes at the front, who made a noble stand,
 These practically settled freedom for the Cuban land.
 The Lord was with our statesmen, and our hosts, to bless and guide,
 And gave them pow'r and wisdom, on each movement to decide.
 Our country's influence was felt by nations near and far,
 And show'd to them how to conduct humane, unselfish war.
 She brought to millions hope and joy, that were in deep despair,
 And re-unfurled freedom's flag, for all Western Hemisphere;
 Drove all of mediæval wrongs from America's soil,
 And gave new inspiration to the sons of care and toil.
 Oh! happy is that nation that God deigns to direct,
 Who bow before His holy will, when He does them correct;
 And blessed are the people, who unto their Maker pray,
 And who remember His command to keep the Sabbath day.

Spain did forget her treachery, in fifteen eighty-eight,
When England's Queen annihilated her "Armada" fleet.
For three years in preparation, but *one month* was employ'd,
In which her *first "Oquendo"* and the rest were all destroy'd.
Spain met the Anglo-Saxons then, and found out, to her cost,
That her "invincibility" was but an idle boast.
Again the lesson has been taught her, with ten-fold powers,
When she lost all her mighty fleets in six and ninety hours.
Her character is now the same as in fifteen eighty-eight,
And from America she gets her well-deserved fate.
"Keep no faith with heretics," was her motto in that day,
But nolens, volens, she must keep faith with America.
Since Joshua in Canaan, wars have vindictive been,
Murder and pillage by the victors, ever have been seen.
But in this war, the victor's conduct has been most unique;
For, to help the conquer'd foes, they did mercifully seek.
They took their helpless, and their sick, to hospitals for care,
And with their starving adversaries did their rations share.
Their pris'ners they transported back to their homes in Spain,
At our own national expense, and Spain's unlook'd for gain.
They clothed the naked, fed the hungry, 'mid war's terrorism,
A grand example to the world, of Christian heroism.
If we would be still the progressive nation of this age,
Our record must be written on a bright unblotted page;
God by civil strife wip'd out our blot of slavery,
And He caused Lincoln to proclaim our land in truth was free:
That struck the yoke of bondage from five million patient men,
By one dash of his foreordained, emancipating pen.
Oh! may we seek the Lord to guide us in our future acts,
And give us the wisdom to meet all the accruing facts,
That we may still a beacon light of Liberty appear
Unto the old, worn nations of the Eastern Hemisphere.
May we not be seduc'd, by pride, to do an act of wrong,
But remember that God's blessing alone makes nations strong.
War is a scourge, and we must bear the part God deems our due,
With thanks for all the blessings on the work we're called to do.

PROPHETICAL.

MEMORIAL OF THE PROPHETIC CONFERENCE HELD IN NEW YORK, OCTOBER, 1878.

"Surely I come quickly. Amen. Even so, come, Lord Jesus,"
Rev. xxii: 20.

We are thankful that a number, from this land of Bible Truth,
Some old heroes of the Gospel, and strong men of earnest youth,
Who, awaken'd by the Spirit, have proclaim'd the nearing hour
Of our Saviour's reappearing on this earth in Kingly pow'r.
Christ is coming! and the morning of that promis'd happy day,
When, triumphant in His glory, earth must fully own His sway,
When the *watchers and the waiters* will with joy their Saviour greet,
And their welcome will be glorious, and songs and praises sweet,
When the earth on which He wander'd, once despised, rejected, slain,
Will by Him be renovated, made like Paradise again,
When sweet flowers ever fadeless, will put forth their constant bloom,
As fresh emblems of the glory that will dissipate earth's gloom:
He will gather then all *Israel* to their long forsaken home,
For *Messiah long expected* will for them have truly come.
They will greet Him with rejoicings, that their hopes are realized,
But with sorrow upon finding that 'twas Him they crucified.
That "His accusation written," tho' to mock His dying breath,
Was His title true from Heaven, which He purchas'd by His death.
In due season many peoples, still deceived by Satan's call,
Round Jerusalem will marshal, to attempt her final fall:
Christ on Olivet's fair mountain, with His swift angelic hosts,
Will be watchful of their myriads, around their chosen posts.
In the Armageddon battle He will lay their mighty low,
To rend the veil from Israel's eyes, and make the nations know
That *Messiah must be victor*, and *His foes* be trodden down,

That *almighty is His power*, and eternal *His renown*.
 Thick as leaflets of the forest will they mass along the line,
 O'er the mountains, in the valleys, on the streams of Palestine.
 But like autumn leaves all wither'd, they will find the contest vain,
 And Jerusalem's whole country will be covered with the slain.
 For the Saviour, in His vengeance, will His angel hosts employ,
 And the armies of the mighty He will utterly destroy,
 But a remnant, who, deserters from the cohorts of the foe,
 Will be witnesses for Jesus, and His truth be taught to know.
 And Christ's ransomed will have missions to unfold the Living Word,
 That the earth may be re-peopled by the servants of the Lord.
 'Then He, the Just and Holy One, will all nations rule in peace,
 And the wickedness of millions, with the woes of war, will cease,
 If *without Him there's no Heaven*, He will make a glorious earth,
 When a nation is converted in a day to know His worth.
 He will be the world's sole Ruler, central Sun of Righteousness,
 Other lights will be reflections, His glory to express.
This is the earth's bright legacy, for the realm *where Christ was born*,
 God will never let Redemption leave in ruin and forlorn.
 'Twas *here* the purchase price was paid, by God's own *beloved Son*,
 'Twas *here* He perfected the work, that in *love* He had begun,
 And just as surely as He rose from the rock-bound garden tomb,
 His throne will grace *His native place*, and its desert lands will bloom.
 That part of all God's universe, once so beautiful and fair,
 And where Salvation was achieved, is in God's special care.
There the diadem of Glory will replace the Crown of Thorn,
There the millions He has ransomed will adore Him in that morn.
Christ is coming! for when rising, as He disappear'd from view,
 He sent angels to assure us, and His promise to renew.
 "That same Jesus, gone to heaven, will as surely come again,"
 As the Saviour of His people, o'er the earth in might to reign.
 When the trumpet is heard sounding, as the signal unto all,
 Who are watching and are waiting for their Master's welcome call,
 Who are sleeping 'neath the waters, and are resting in the grave,
 'Till the *Primal Resurrection*, when the souls that Christ did save
 Will be wedded to their bodies, incorruptible and fair,

And be caught up by the Saviour, "to be *with Him* in the air;"
 To be Princes of Salvation, and as Priests to serve the Lord,
 ('Tis no fable, but as certain as God's Truth and Holy Word),
 And as Rulers of the nations to reveal God's saving grace,
 Thus preparing for the Saviour to make *earth His dwelling place*.
Will the Master find us waiting? Some will never see that day,
 But be wailing and lamenting, and in shame and sorrow say,
Christ has truly come as promis'd, not for us who doubting were;
We have lost the goodly portion, that the wise believers share.
None will suffer condemnation *from the curse of Adam's fall,*
From this Jesus by atonement did deliver mortals all.
 'Tis denying God's assurance, that Christ did for sinners die,
 Which is giving *the Almighty and His Word the wilful lie!*
 These must tarry till the *Second Resurrection's* awful gloom,
 Breaks on millions call'd to judgment from the dark and Christless
 tomb,

And must listen to the sentence, they will own is justly giv'n,
From God's presence and from Heav'n to be for ever driv'n.
 Christ is promised by the *Father*, that *He* shall be *satisfied*,
 That a diadem of glory His redemption has supplied,
But till Prince and Power of darkness is assign'd his final doom,
 Till the sunshine of salvation yields a bright eternal bloom,
 Till Redemption is perfected, and creation purified,
 Christ will want *His meed* of glory, and will *not be satisfied*.
 Thus *there's nothing that's so certain* ('tis the truth of God foretold),
That our precious Lord is coming, to collect His chosen fold.
In one of these resurrections you must take an active part:
 Let not Satan now delude you, and make harder still your heart.
 Souls are precious, they are deathless, it is madness now to sleep!
 If not looking for Christ's coming, 'twill be yours to wail and weep.
 Oh, ye churches now neglecting to announce your coming Lord,
 Be alive unto this subject, or you'll lose your rich reward.
Sects will vanish when the *Bridegroom* seeks and finds *His chosen bride*,
 From the churches who were waiting and *His coming did abide*.
 Come, Lord Jesus, oh, come quickly, to make earth the holy home
 Of Thy people who are waiting. Come, Lord Jesus, quickly come.

POETIC EPITOME OF A PORTION OF H. GRATTAN GUIN-
NESS' WORK ON THE APPROACHING END
OF THE AGE.

THE FIRST AND SECOND ADVENTS FORETOLD FROM ENOCH DOWN TO
CHRIST.

God never did construct this world, without His making known
That He was its Creator, and claimed it as His own;
He brought it into being for His glory, and man's weal,
Its redemption, too, by promise, He did divinely seal.
Man's history and character, when our first parents fell,
The words of sacred Prophecy unerringly do tell
They knew full well that sin had made their future prospects drear,
Yet Star of Hope, though distant, shone on the horizon clear.
The Revelation made at first God destin'd to progress,
And did like His created works, that character possess.
Enoch, *first prophet* among men, God's promise did unfold,
The judgment also that would come, was faithfully foretold.
This prophet for three hundred years, the path of life had trod,
And ere translated, had the proof that he had pleased God.
He show'd that Sin, and Unbelief, the wide world did pollute,
That Christ would come with all His saints, vengeance to execute.
Noah by inspiration gave the history of man,
In blessing Shem and Japheth, in curse of Canaan.
Abram prefigured unawares "atonement" bought by blood,
When he bound *Isaac*, his dear son, and heap'd the kindling wood,
And *Isaac* ask'd the question that thro' each age does rise,
Where is the *Lamb* for offering, as burned sacrifice?
"God will provide the lamb, my son"—prophetic the reply!
Which *Abram* knew not, wanting light, that God would yet supply.
So the Paschal lamb of Egypt was type not understood,
Like Joseph's hard rejection by his own brotherhood.
E'en *Moses'* law of sacrifice, to Jewish mind a balm,
Brought them slight revelation of Christ, the promised Lamb.
David of Christ's sufferings wrote, His glory, too, did sound,

Yet Christ and His apostles had his sayings to expound.
 When David slept, and *Solomon* by death had closed his reign,
 And Isr'el's kingdom had begun to be upon the wane,
 The dark night of Captivity, and of dispersion near,
 Then revelations multiplied, with prophecies more clear.
 The one star that had shone so bright in the prophetic sky,
 Poured forth its rays, two-fold in light, from canopy on high;
 Christ's birth, and Second Advent, were both announced indeed,
 Yet by it still men's minds were not from misconception freed.
 From stem of *Jesse*, it proclaimed that, as a virgin's son,
 Would come our own *Emmanuel*, the High and Holy One,
 The God and Father in His might, and as the King of Peace,
 His government should be with us, forever to increase.
 Gentiles and Jews should have alike a full redemption given,
 And man regain his lost estate, and be an heir of Heaven.
 Then *strange new strains* did mingle in the music of the lays
 That issued from *Isaiah's* harp, which told of mournful days,
 Of suffering and oppression, rejection by His own,
 And cruelty inflicted on the Coming Holy One.
He was to be Sin-bearer, a slaughtered holy Lamb,
 To pour His soul out unto death, for Sin a healing balm.
 Yet 'twas by such experiences exalted He should be,
 As the *Ruler and Redeemer* throughout eternity.
Messiah's advent, *Daniel* told, should not bring Israel peace,
 But war, and desolation, and national decease.
 By slow degrees the prophecies were made to man more plain,
 Of *interval* between *Christ's birth* and *Second Advent* reign.
Micah foretold that He should come from out of Bethlehem,
 And *Zechariah* pointed out that at Jerusalem,
 On Mount of Olives, He would stand as King supreme on earth,
 That our world should see His glory, and reverence His worth,
 Who then imagin'd it would be, some nineteen centuries,
 That would elapse between the two eventualities?
 His birth and death were both foretold, but in symbolic phrase,
 With glimpses of the time until His Second Advent days.
 More light was had when *Malachi*, the last old seer, did tell

That *Christ* should to His temple come, on earth again to dwell;
 That Sun of Righteousness should rise, with healing on His wings,
 And Israel's chosen Priest should be the Nation's King of kings.
 When Simeon did embrace the Babe, the Virgin's promis'd seed,
 He told of Christ's salvation come, to meet the Sinner's need,
 Foretold the bitter agony the mother's heart should feel,
 The cruel death, foreshadowed by type of bruised heel.
 Yet then no consummation came, the Serpent's head unbruised,
 While Satan seem'd more powerful, to keep men's minds confus'd.
 The good indeed seem'd to recede, tho' its approach was nigh,
The Kingdom of our Lord had come, tho' in a mystery.
 Once more the light of Prophecy upon the world was shed,
 And *Christ Himself* had wondrous things unto the people said,
 In simple words and parables, most easy to discern,
 He told men He would go away, and in due time *return*.
 And what was ne'er reveal'd before, that *Gentiles*, too, should be
 Partakers of the promises—to Christ's salvation free.
 He made *the Jews His witnesses* of miracles Divine,
 And in His loveliness of life *Messiah* did define.
 But the grand old hope, *the coming* of Christ to earth to reign,
 And Prince of darkness to destroy, was paramount again.
 The mysteries it pleased God for ages to conceal,
 To Prophets, and Apostles, the Spirit did reveal.
 Thus far had Prophecy advanced, each step with clearer light,
Messiah would men's minds endue with spiritual sight;
 The *Gospel of New Testament* the progress did maintain,
 For now the truth of Christ on earth by angels is made plain,
 Foretold by *Zecharias* first, by *Mary*, and by *John*,
 Confirmed by old *Simeon*, who bless'd the Virgin's Son.
 In it we get the *Prophecies of Christ Himself* on earth,
 And learn from the Apostles the object of His birth.
 Thro' "Acts" and the "Epistles" the Spirit's teachings glow,
 To make the Sinner love his Lord, and His salvation know.
 Christ left a special record, too, in His directed prayer,
 That of His coming we should all remembrance constant bear.
 We can't mistake the meaning of this prayer that Christ has giv'n,

"Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as 'tis in Heav'n."
 That Kingdom is on earth renew'd when Christ as King shall reign.
 'Tis this the Lord's prayer signifies, His advent here again.
 If not, why bid us to remind our God, each day we wait,
 Of the *Royalty of Jesus*, and the millennial state?
 'Twas left for Christ to bring to light life's immortality,
 Which Paul by Holy Ghost did preach, as a reality.
 Both restorations of the Jews, first blended into one,
 By Christ were well distinguished—the last yet to be done.
 That the *Gentile dispensation* 'twixt them should intervene,
 And Israel should witness its restoration scene.
 'Twas left for fifteen centuries, since *Moses* went to die,
 For four, since death of the last Seer, the Prophet *Malachi*,
 For Christ to give endorsement to the *Grand Old Testament*,
 The resurrection of the dead, and the day of Judgment.

THE APOCALYPSE.

Then "*Revelations*" open'd wide the closing vivid view,
 The "*blessed hope*" as realized, the promised glory true,
 Its vast unutterable height, its shadows, dark and dire,
 Hades, and death; and Serpent old cast in the lake of fire.
 The New Jerusalem come down, Christ reigning in man's stead,
 To be fulfilled when woman's seed shall bruise the Serpent's head.
 The older prophecies were dark in all that they had said
 Of the First resurrection and judgement of the dead.
Job realized them for himself, and *Daniel* partly, too,
 But mankind generally deem'd the doctrine was untrue,
 This last, the *Revelation of Jesus Christ our Lord*,
 Endorsed all the Prophecies that men before had heard.
 Herein is confirmation of Truths wrought out before,
 Why Christ had come to dwell with man, and for him sufferings bore.
 Here we have painted in bright hues what blind men cannot see,
 The *resurrection of the saints*, those living still, to be
 Prepar'd to meet their Lord's return, and in His joy abound,
 And reign with Him, a thousand years, till the last trumpet's sound

Here we are told of Man of Sin, in whom would culminate
 The Church's blind Apostacy, and his destructive fate.
 Here finally, to perfect all, when thirty years had gone
 Since the Apostles' writings, Christ did reveal to *John*
 The truths of this Apocalypse, to close the sacred Word,
 Which *Moses* first commenced to write, inspired by the Lord,
 Full sixteen centuries before, tho' he did not foresee
That Christ Himself would finish it with the last prophecy.
 But this came from the seven seal'd book, which angel did explain,
 That none could open *but the One* who as a Lamb was slain,
 Who, having died, to glory rose, and from the throne on high
 Received, and broke the seals, to give the "final prophecy."

SECOND ADVENT—EARTH RESTORED.

'Tis it that to Christ's Church unfolds the ills in future days,
 The sins of Babylon the Great, and judgment on its ways.
The Second Advent of our Lord it tells in language plain,
 When He again shall visit earth, for His millennian reign,
 Of earth renew'd by cleansing fire, beneath a new born sky,
 The New Jerusalem come down, His name to glorify.
 Christ says, "I come, with all My saints, to gather Mine elect."
The Signs of Times do indicate when we may Him expect.
 And shall not He who was with God, e'er universe was made,
 Who stooped to ransom ruined man, yet was by man betrayed,
 Shall He not take His power and reign, and be all justified,
 The admiration of His saints, and by them glorified?
 Like the cloudy, fiery pillar, to some He will be light,
 To others but a dark dismay, in spiritual night.
 Earth, as the birth-place of our Lord, can never be destroyed,
 As a great trophy of God's love, 'twill ever be employed.
 This honored world of universe, exceptionally blest,
 No other can God's wondrous love so perfectly attest;
 For other world God never sent His only Son to die,
 By cruel crucifixion, the lost to justify.
 No other world's inhabitants were bought at such a cost,

Or clothed in righteousness of Christ, tho' once as rebels lost.
God says there shall be *no more sea, hence must remain the land*,
The scene of God's great mystery, as monument will stand,
The birth-place of the Lord of *life* can never cease to be,
There will the Saints the Saviour greet throughout eternity.
The garden of Gethsemane will bloom as ne'er before,
And glory from Mt. Calvary will spread the wide world o'er.
This earth, o'er which sin's with'ring gloom for ages long did brood,
Will see her desert places bloom, and yield abundant food.
All noxious weeds will disappear, supplanted by sweet flowers,
Nurs'd by a holy atmosphere, and Heav'n's softest showers.
The Sun will shine on Righteousness with blessings for each day,
And man will be in sweet accord, and own the Saviour's sway.
And shall not Christ's redeemed ones have here an exalted place,
As trophies of His sacrifice, His sufferings, and His grace?
Will not the gems He purchased, and polished as His own,
Compose the brightest ornaments of His imperial crown?
Will not the jewels He will wear, as High Priest, on His breast,
Be deemed by Him most precious, as His love will attest?
The fest'ring miseries of earth, on Sin's dark, cruel page,
Will thus be vanquished and destroyed in the millennial age,
And scenes of deep pollution, for hell itself too low,
Christ in just indignation will banish into woe.
Jerusalem all glorious then, in her Messiah's reign,
Whom once in blindness she denied, and cruelly had slain,
Will then be honored by the throne of her millennial King,
To whom all nations, and their kings, will costly off'rings bring.
Angels will then her guardians be, and kings and priests her saints.
To teach the truth of Christ to all, and rule by love's restraints.
Then multitudes will learn the song of "Moses and the Lamb,"
To chant at the great marriage feast in Heaven's holy calm.
The Spirit's teaching then will spread o'er all of earth's domain,
Christ the sole object of our race, thro' His millennial reign.
Thus where our Lord was born, and lived, and suffered His decease,
Will bloom forever as the scene of Righteousness and Peace.
In this last Revelation, and final Prophecy,

The Lord describes the high estate of man's eternity,
That finite minds in some degree might learn and understand
The glory of redeemed souls in Heaven's holy land.
It tells of city of pure gold, with walls of jasper bright,
Illumined by our precious Lord, as its unfailing light.
Most surely the Apocalypse a wondrous truth supplies,
The works of darkness to dispel, till Day Star does arise.
'Tis sent to us to cast its rays on revelations past,
As found within God's sacred Book, of which it is the last.
The visions should be all employed in proper place to bind
The links of other Prophecies, for which they are designed.

THE TIME OF CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT.
ITS CERTAINTY.

The day, indeed, of Christ's return, has never been revealed,
Yet in the Bible history it has not been concealed:
Men knew of it for centuries before Christ's first advent.
Daniel foretold as probable the time of this event,
While *Simeon* later, hoped to see the promise realized
Of Israel's consolation, expected ere he died.
And shall not now the Christian Church, where Truth has made her
home,
To whom Christ hath expressly said, "I'll show you things to come,"
Have light as clear, or clearer now, *not as to hour or day,*
Not as to month, or even year, yet still have power to say,
When comes the period that our Lord shall rule o'er earth as King,
Of which foretold events of Time unerring *proof* do bring?
If of this future great event the Prophecies consist,
In order chronological, as they always exist,
If they contain predictions of Christ's Second Advent here,
Its *place* as one link of the chain must certainly appear:
For other Scriptures tell of things that with it synchronize,
And mark the time approximate, as warning to the wise.
Let us, then, seek to ascertain from the Old Testament,
And from the teaching of the New, this coming great event,

Its *period*, as relating to other Prophecies,
 Its *point* that the Apocalypse has freed from mysteries.
 'Twould clearly have been premature for the Old Testament
 To have foretold distinctly then Christ's second great advent,
 Ere that the Jews in blindness, Messiah did reject,
 Ere His death and resurrection, and Gentiles made elect.
 In early Prophecies, are seen *both comings as in one*,
Both future, had the same object—Redemption by God's Son,
 A coming of our Lord was yet extensively foretold,
 In the Old Testament set forth, but of a different mould
 From His first advent, which would show great wonders on the earth,
 That never had connection with the coming at His birth.
 'Tis a *future* advent, therefore, and must a *second* be.
 He *did* come, with His saving grace, in His humility,
 He *will* come, as a Righteous Judge, with power as a King.
 And to this clear conclusion the Scriptures do us bring.
 They foretell that in the future, an age the earth will see,
 Ere its history is closed up, before eternity;
 'Twill be the *Sabbath* of our world, the Christian's jubilee,
 The anti-type of Sabbath day, and true tranquility:
 A thousand years this age will last, from God's own Word we gain
 It is our Lord's millennium, when He on earth shall reign.
 Christ pointed to this when He said, "Hereafter ye shall see
 The heavens opening, angels sent forth from the Deity,"
 Ascending and descending on the Son of man, to show
 That ev'ry tongue shall Him confess, to Him all knees shall bow.
 For His dominion shall extend o'er Heaven, earth and sea,
 To overcome for rest of Time the world's iniquity!
 Now Christ does reign but in the souls alone of His elect,
 By providence all things controls, time's progress to perfect,
 Enduring, with long-suffering, rebellion of mankind,
 With bitterness and blasphemies, abhorrent to His mind.
 This now God's Kingdom is, indeed, but in a mystery;
 That will of glory and of might His Kingdom also be;
 And let it not pass from our minds, this *last* one is no part
 Of the eternal state when "all the former things depart."

For Christ, as Son of man, will reign o'er this terrestrial ball,
 And then make subject all to Him, who is the all in all.
 The *period*, then, when Son of man shall His dominion claim,
 And that which *dates from yielding all*, can never be the same.
 Again, altho' this blessed age shall far more glorious be,
 Than all that have preceded it, as told in prophecy,
 Yet Sin and Judgment will exist, man will be mortal still,
 And Jew and Gentile governments their proper sphere will fill:
 Whereas in the eternal state, death will have passed away,
 And God the Father only have o'er all supremest sway.
 Christ's reign on earth is then *distinct*, after this age is gone,
 Preceding Heaven and earth renew'd, when Time itself is done.
 Should not the Christian Church declare, in duty to her Lord,
 His *second glorious* advent, as set forth in His Word?
 Why should her watchmen be content to let this subject rest,
 Why disregard the prophecies Christ left as His bequest?
 'Tis time this theme should occupy all teachers thro' this land,
 That they should search the Word of God, these truths to understand.
 Alas! how many even teach that in our age will be
 The great conversion of mankind from all iniquity;
 Ignoring Christ's own promises to make earth right again,
 They say thus earth will be prepared for what they term His reign.
 These views, imparted thoughtlessly, are thoughtlessly received,
 And oft in consequence we see Christ's followers deceived.
 Some for Christ's coming *at their death* do earnestly contend,
 Not for His coming back to earth before that Time does end.
 Who is to blame? Will Christians learn lessons they are not taught?
 Why is it not by ministers before the people brought?
 To give this Truth full prominence where'er the Scriptures do,
 Is the duty of each teacher, if to his Master true.
 The coming of our Lord draws nigh, yet we hear no trumpet sound,
 Tho' dark and unconverted men on ev'ry side abound.
 This Truth, that will bring woe to all who do it still deny,
 Should motive yield for warning all, upon it to rely:
 It surely is not right or wise to soothe away men's fear,
 By teaching the millennium will in our age appear.

For thus the *Second Advent* of our Lord is set aside,
And cherished hopes of the elect do in few hearts abide.
Why teach not in our Sunday schools, to hosts of rising youth,
The promise given by our Lord, of this important Truth?
These words were by the angels at our Lord's ascension giv'n,
"As you now see Him, He shall come to earth again from Heav'n."
"Shall Christ find faith on earth when He in glory does return?"
Was once the question put, and now, its meaning we discern.
The Church of Christ should earnestly her Lord's return now preach,
And all her ministers should love this living hope to teach.
Reason itself will not assert that God will always bear,
As He has done for centuries, in love and patience rare,
The Sin and Unbelief of man, his blasphemy and scorn,
That Christ will not return to cleanse the earth where He was born.
For sixty centuries the wail of earth has reached God's ear;
Who will presume to say the end is not approaching near?
Christ said that He would quickly come; men scoff at His delay,
But ne'er reflect "a thousand years are with Him as one day."
The *second day is not complete*, since first He came to earth,
His *second advent* is as sure and certain as *His birth*.
Then let the worldly-wise awake, and heavenly wisdom learn,
Amongst the chosen ones who wait, expecting Christ's return.
If waiting for our Lord's advent, a blessing 'twill inure,
Opposers of that sacred truth must the reverse endure.
Is it not strange that those who love the coming of our Lord
Should be indifferent to the time when Right will be restor'd?
E'en when the Spirit did long since Christ's sufferings reveal,
And the glories that would follow His victory to seal.
And shall not His own chosen bride, who does on Him rely,
Seek to find out the time that He did truly signify
In the *last* promise that He gave, that "He would come again"
To take unto Himself His bride, that she with Him might reign?
And shall we, then, for whom He did, by sacrifice, provide,
Not diligently seek to know how long we must abide,
Before we see Him as He will appear on His return,
And know that with our precious Lord we ever shall sojourn?

How vain are the objections that carnal minds do make,
 If, as inspired Word of God, the Bible we do take.
 The Testaments, both Old and New, do plainly this declare,
 That *Christ is coming*, and "*the Signs of Times*" proclaim it near.
 By Paul and Peter, James and John, it clearly was affirm'd,
 By *Jesus Christ Himself* on earth, divinely was confirm'd.
 He bids each generation wait, but says not *when 'twill be*,
 'That all His own by faith should look for it as certainty.
 A certainty that Christian men who read God's Word aright
 Look forward to in faith and prayer, and think of with delight,
 Because that then man's unbelief, iniquity and pride,
 Must terminate, and Christ in all His acts be justified.

PROPHECY IN HISTORY FULFILLED.

When to the king of *Babylon* the vision was made known,
 Of the great image that portray'd what *Daniel* too had shown,
 He touched upon the salient points of human history,
 As ranging from that very age into eternity.
 The highest summit in that chain was *Christ epiphany*,
 Of its position we shall find a clear testimony.
 The *four* great empires that were seen, as *Daniel* did explain,
 Were to be follow'd by a *fifth*, that ever would remain;
 This was the "*Stone wrought without hands*," that did the image break,
 Which as a mountain typifies the kingdom Christ would make.
 To rule the first *four* empires, that were to mankind giv'n,
 The *last* would be established, and ruled by *God of Heaven*.
 The *first four* were to pass away—when by the *last* destroy'd,
 The *last thro'* Christ's millennium would be on earth enjoy'd.
 A thousand years of Righteousness, a thousand years of bliss,
 When eternity, in dawning, would Time itself dismiss.
Rome, Persia, Babylon and Greece, four empires on the wane,
 The *last*, the Kingdom future still, when Son of man shall reign.
 That *Rome* of royal power was—of Iron said to be—
 But when divided, was of Clay, is vouched by history.
 In her last stage a change takes place, unlike whate'er was known,

A kingdom *supernatural*, its type the *Unwrought Stone*,
Does smite the *Image*, takes its place, makes its existence cease,
Becomes a mountain, fills the earth, and ever will increase.
What does this falling *Stone* then mean, what does it symbolize?
In destruction to the *Image*, when Christ on earth arrives?
It cannot mean *Christ's first advent*, for *Rome* was then supreme,
Moreover, it was *on the feet* the *Stone* fell in the dream,
Centuries after *Rome* was brought to Christianity.
At His *first advent* Christ did not destroy earth's monarchy,
For He, its founder, was betray'd, and suffer'd death and shame;
His Apostles, too, were martyr'd, because they bore His name.
There was nothing then that answered to "falling of this *Stone*,"
It had not *then*, as vision told, into a mountain grown.
That increase was not to begin till *Image* was no more,
And scatter'd like the useless chaff of summer threshing floor.
Now the growth of Christ's religion is gradual thro' grace,
While the Image, still existing, retains its former place.
It cannot, therefore, be the thing that has been symbolized,
God's Kingdom is not of the world, and is by man despised.
God has indeed a Kingdom here, and rules o'er His elect,
But not in universal sway, o'er earth by Him direct;
What, then, must be the great event portray'd by "*falling stone*,"
That will make earth's late monarchies be broken and undone?
It is Christ's advent, when to earth a second time He'll come,
To mete out retribution first, ere the Millennium.
Then with Him will His saints appear, judgment to execute,
And Satan bound, no longer will authority dispute.
This Stone is then the emblem of our long expected Lord,
For more than eighteen centuries wrought out by His own Word.
And when the Trumpet sound is heard, and Christian souls awake,
The living chang'd, and with the saints these hosts their places take,
The final separation will then be made complete;
The falling *Stone* will *Image* smite, and pulverize its feet.
It means, Christ with ten thousand saints a second time will come,
With judgment to prepare the earth for His millennium.
Then earthly governments alike will crumble and decay,

And earthly politics will cease, and war be done away.
 For *Christ triumphantly* will rule o'er earth from pole to pole,
 And be acknowledg'd, and ador'd, by ev'ry living soul.
This makes the true position of Christ's new advent clear,
From prophecy we can infer, in some degree, *how near*,
 It points to the *expected close*, for which the world does wait,
Of the present Roman Empire, in its divided state.
 This will be *prior* to the reign millennium of our Lord.
 And as the *Image* in its parts, proportions do afford,
 And as in *thirteen centuries*, *Rome's might* is at a stand,
 It does upon the mind impress *the close must be at hand*.
 The Prophet Daniel, too, foretold Wars and Revolutions,
 With numerous disasters, and dreadful persecutions,
 Till Israel be delivered from their tribulation
 And flock into Jerusalem, as the favored nation.
 The *Gentile dispensation o'er* and Israel restored,
 When the Lord will build up Zion, according to His Word.
 In the *first* resurrection morn, the dead in Christ will rise
 To hail the coming of the Lord, and meet Him in the skies.
 These all proclaim that Christ must come unto our earth again,
 To overthrow all wickedness for His millennial reign.
These all precede the thousand years that Christ shall rule on earth,
 Which Bible prophets have foretold more clearly than His birth.

THE UNFAITHFULNESS OF THE CHURCH.

Israel's history is a type of the whole Christian Church,
 The record of its waywardness, we'll find by Bible search.
 Its apostacies, backslidings, from Solomon's regime,
 On to its final judgment, and its dispersion scene.
 Without even one exception, since God did man create,
 Has ev'ry dispensation reach'd a dark, apostate state.
 'Twas so in Eden at the first, when Eve and Adam fell,
 'Twas so with those whose wickedness the deluge did compel.
 'Twas so with the Theocracy of Israel of old,
 'Twas so when Israel did reject the Christ, as was foretold,

'Twas so, too, when the ministry of Prophets of the Lord,
 And even with the ministry of Christ, the Living Word.
 The Spirit's mission ended thus, tho' sent direct from Heav'n,
 When grace was taken from the *Jew*, and to the *Gentile* giv'n.
 Yet the Gentile Church has follow'd the same Apostate course;
 How, then, can the Millennial reign arise from such a source?
 The query, "Shall Christ find on earth faith when He comes again?"
 Is proof this age will not, in part, be His Millennial reign,
 For at its *close* 'tis evident, Christ's advent will take place,
 Or multitudes in it would have accepted saving grace.
 Yes! Christ must come to overthrow man's misrule and power,
 For Satan guides three-fourths of all in this the present hour.
 This is the age when Paul locates the reign of "*Anti-Christ*,"
 And *Mystery of Iniquity*, destin'd to come first,
 Before the Advent of our Lord, with His angelic train,
 Will sweep from earth His enemies, as chaff from winnow'd grain.

THE PROPHECIES OF OLD, CONFIRMED BY THE NEW.

The older Prophecies are true, for the *New Testament*,
 Without e'en the Apocalypse, a hundred texts present
The Second Coming of our Lord. By some it will precede
 "The restitution of all things," when Israel has been freed.
 Christ in His visit first to earth gave clear and startling views
 Of His future Second Coming, unto the Christian Jews.
 They looked for its commencement, and querying did say,
 Wilt Thou restore to Israel the kingdom in our day?
 But Christ reveals the evil course of this our present age,
 Tells them of wars, and cruelties, that will the world engage,
 Apostacy, and at its close, "False prophets to deceive,"
 The Gospel to the nations preach'd, that all may it receive,
 Also of desolations, and woes that will be *signs*,
 And the *great tribulation* He earnestly defines.
 But afterwards immediately He does with pow'r recite,
 "The *Sun* shall then be darken'd, the *Moon* refuse her light,"
 "The *Stars* shall from the Heavens fall, the powers of Heaven shake,

"And *Christ* will in His glory *come*, His royal rule to take;
 "He will send His holy angels to earth's remotest bounds,
 "To gather in the Lord's elect, as angel's trumpet sounds."
 Here is our Lord's assertion, a truth divinely plain,
 That makes His Second Coming sure, unto the earth again.
 Here we have no allusion to the Millennial state,
 His *coming first* He tells His Church, to watch for, and to wait.
 No golden age can therefore come *before* He does appear,
 For righteous judgment then, He sought His hearers to prepare.
 Paul even thought that *he* might see *Christ's Second Advent day*,
 He look'd for no Millennium *to first prepare the way!*
 And after *eighteen centuries*, shall we that *distant deem*
 That to the Apostle Paul himself supplied a hope supreme?
 Tho' nearly twice a thousand years, this present age has run,
 Its facts are proofs of *Prophecies* foretold long e'er begun;
 The last of which do clearly mark, an epoch in its time,
 Of gross Apostacy from Truth, and spiritual crime.

THE FULFILMENT OF PROPHECIES MAKES UNBELIEF INEXCUSABLE.

Faith cannot flourish on our earth when men refuse to see
 Fulfilment for long centuries of sacred prophecy.
 That *Christ Himself* when here on earth did forcibly portray,
 That *History and Signs of Times* down to the present day
 Have thus far shown have been fulfilled, an evidence most clear
 That the Gentile age is closing, and *Christ will soon appear*.
 The "*Little Horn*" by Daniel shown, none surely can deny.
 Has done its work in "wearing out the saints of the Most High."
 The blood of tens of millions shed, under the Papal curse,
 The cruel Inquisition, that ran its impious course,
 That burn'd the people of the Lord, and mock'd them in the flame,
 Inventing tortures that have put humanity to shame.
 Witness Toledo's living tomb, when by the French unseal'd,
 The scores of torturing machines, and victims, it reveal'd;
 Look at the bloody crusade wars by "Innocent the Third,"
 And at the massacre of men that later has occur'd

A quarter century ago, when blood in streams did flow
 Of Protestants, whom Papal hate had sought to overthrow.
 Look at the hundred thousand souls in France slain thro' deceit,
 Of Charles, son of Catherine, the Papal wish to meet.
 Look at Portugal, Savoy, at Poland, and at Spain,
 At Germany, Bohemia, where Papal pow'r again
 By persecutions' darkest deeds have crush'd heroic souls
 (All which are *facts* men ought to know, and *History* enrolls).
 Let Motley's "Dutch Republic," too, let "Fox's Martyrs," tell,
 Let the reign of bloody Mary, and Jesuit work as well,
 Let the blood of fifty millions, shed because they lov'd God's Word,
 (These all sufficient evidence to doubting minds afford)
 Declare how old predictions have well been verified,
 A proof of the *approaching end* most thoroughly supplied.
If this be not sufficient, let men go back and see
 How the events in every age fulfill their prophecy.
 All periods from creation, as told in sacred page,
 Have *facts* to verify the same in each successive age.
 For Adam in his holy state, was Eden first design'd,
 And every age unto this last has been as well defin'd.
 The *first* in holiness began—in death did terminate;
 The *last* will bring in holiness, and it perpetuate.
 In *Genesis* (the *first* and *third*) the *first* is briefly told,
 And *Revelations* do the *last* most thoroughly unfold.
 Of the intervening ages, the Bible's pages tell
 Man's ruin by apostacy—his remedy as well.
 Thus are the *dispensations of Times* in full reveal'd,
 Which *facts* in each successive age have *verified* and *seal'd*,
 From *Adam* down to *Noah*, the age before the flood,
 Then from *Abraham* to *Moses*, from him to *Christ* the Lord,
 The *last*, the Jewish period, all written in God's Word.
Inspired the *Old Testament* does each age well describe,
 And the fulfilment in the past does truth to all ascribe,
 With *Christ* came the *New Testament*, and spiritual reign,
 From all the Gentile nations a chosen Church to gain,
 To gather in the jewel'd souls, wrought by the Master's hand,

A proof to all the Jewish race, which they will understand
 When the *present age is ended* and Israel is restored,
 As acknowledging *Messiah* was Him whom they ignor'd.
 Then the glory of Christ's advent will shed convincing light
 On *Jewish minds in Zion*, long veil'd in darkest night.
 But much of such a veil now hangs upon the *Gentile mind*,
 Who to *Christ's Second Advent* now are marvellously blind;
 For *Christ's first Advent*, promis'd long, that took place at *His birth*,
 Gave earnest of fulfilment of *His Second* unto earth:
 Yet with more light than Jew possess'd, stands Gentile unbelief,
 Without the promise made the Jew of ultimate relief.

AT THE END OF OUR AGE THE MILLENNIUM.

When this, our *present age*, will end, its tribulation done,
 Earth will behold the rising of the *first Millennial Sun*.
 Christ then His power will fully take, men must rebellion cease,
 And earth will have a thousand years of happiness and peace.
 But ere that comes, "the midnight cry" will ring, in accents clear,
 "*Behold, the Bridegroom cometh,*" which all mankind must hear.
 Where then will earth's rebellious souls a saving refuge find
 From the storm that will drive His foes, like chaff, before the wind?
 How will earth's nobles, and her great, who did the Lord deny,
 Endure in all their worldly pride the wrath of Deity?
 The greatest works of godless men, in whom the world did trust,
 Will in that day fall to decay, and crumble into dust.
 Heroes who devastated lands to win an earthly crown,
 Will then be view'd in their true light, and forfeit their renown.
 Then Christ will be acknowledg'd *King*, and fully justified,
 And He will rule as *Potentate*, whom none can set aside.
 Those who have sown unto the wind, will reap the hurricane,
 Because they disbeliev'd His Word to come to earth again.

EARTH HERSELF REDEEMED.

Yet earth has a great destiny, a happy, holy one,
 When Christ makes perfect for herself the vict'ry. He has won;

For Righteousness will bloom on earth, Love be her atmosphere,
 And Christ in His Millennial reign be worshipp'd ev'rywhere.
 Then He will exercise His sway in government benign,
 And all the nations will confess His rule to be Divine.
 Earth, too, spontaneously will yield her riches for man's good,
 And bless him most abundantly with her nutritious food.
 War, with its savage work, will end, and cruel pillage cease,
 And wondrous works unknown before will crown this age of peace:
 Great temples, and cathedrals, which oft the Truth did hide,
 And minister'd to pompous show, and men's unholy pride,
 Will each a sanctuary be, of earnest praise and prayer,
 And spiritual Truth and Love will be the atmosphere;
 The lamb will with the wolf lie down, in confidence to rest,
 For Christ will make e'en savage beasts His influence attest;
 The *Love of Christ* will shed a balm o'er earth redeem'd from ill,
 Of righteousness and happiness, His promise to fulfill.

SATAN'S LAST EFFORT AT ESDRAELON.

Satan, while bound a thousand years, will leave earth's living free,
 To learn and love the saving truth of Christianity.
 But when for a brief time releas'd, the wayward to deceive,
 To join with "Gog and Magog, a conquest to achieve,"
 To devastate Jerusalem and Christ Himself destroy,
 In the *Armageddon* battle that Satan will employ,
 As his last effort in despair, and his relentless hate,
 To fill his cup of vengeance, and seal his wretched fate.
 But He who brought the universe from its chaotic night,
 Illumining its farthest bounds, with orbs of glorious light,
 Who stills the raging of the sea, by uttering a word,
 And makes all His created works in harmony accord,
 Who speaks, and e'en the *dead* arise, who died to save His own,
 And who will wear eternally *His Mediatorial crown*,
 'Tis He, the *God-man*, who, as *King*, from Zion's holy hill
 Will muster His angelic hosts, assembled at His will,
 To lead the soldiers of the Cross, all marshal'd for the fray,

To the field of Armageddon on that eventful day.
 O'er Satan's gath'ring armies the Sun will brightly shine,
 To show each deep strat'getic move on their extended line;
 While Christ can veil all Zion's hosts in cloudy atmosphere;
 That not a movement on their part should to their foes appear.
 On Satan, judgments sore, the Lord will send in swift detail,
 Fierce thunder bolts, and lightning's flash, with fire, and deadly hail,
 Producing thro' their ranks dismay, that Christ will then enhance,
 By sending forward Zion's hosts, in one combin'd advance.
 Angels will lead the grand attack upon the rebel foe,
 And at the onset, multitudes of them will be laid low.
 Christ, retributive in His wrath, will sweep them in a flood,
 And Judah's hills, and valleys green, will flow with human blood.
 Then Satan's power will be crush'd, and Gog, and Magog, slain,
 And all shall know that God in Christ forevermore will reign.
 Thus will our Lord assert His right, and Satan will depose,
 Assigning him, and all his hosts, to hell's eternal woes.

THE JUDGMENT.

Christ's victory began when He gave up His throne for earth,
 And man's salvation to obtain, assumed a human birth;
 He bore Sin's penalty of death, with more than tongue can tell,
 He rose a *victor over death, iniquity and hell.*
 He who for time untold has been, in pleadings for His own,
 Appearing as their *Surety* before the Father's throne;
 'Tis He, too, who will occupy the final Judgment Seat,
 And call the dead from land and sea, to gather at His feet.
 There all who never had the Truth in Jesus Christ discern'd,
 But had redemption thro' His blood and purchas'd pardon spurn'd,
 Who by their self-will'd unbelief themselves from Christ did sever,
 Will hear the just and dread award, "Depart from Me forever."

ELEVATION OF THE REDEEMED.

Shall not earth's sons, redeem'd by *Christ* and made with *Him joint heirs*,
 As He reigns o'er the universe, engage in its affairs?

If Christ, who rules the universe, they will as kings obey,
 Shall they not to that universe His mandates too convey?
 The sinner, ransom'd by Christ's blood, must more exalted be,
 Than if he never had transgress'd, and lost his purity;
 The ransom was so priceless, the purchas'd must be great,
 Beyond those world's inhabitants who kept their first estate.
God's love, and Christ's great sacrifice, will be their theme of praise,
 And fill with wonder the redeem'd, thro'out eternal days.
 'This the *acme of Redemption*, that will all else excel,
 Beyond its wondrous counterpart, *the soul set free from hell.*
 The love of Christ thro' ev'ry soul will ever permeate,
 In love to Him, deep, earnest, strong, all will reciprocate:
 That love will make an atmosphere, refreshing, balmy, sweet,
 'Twill be the ruling influence, and ev'ry wish will meet.

THE PITIABLE CONDITION OF THE UNBELIEVING.

How pitiable is the lot of those who disbelieve!
 Who barter rich inheritance for baubles that deceive!
 Who, tho' God's promise was made good, when Christ on earth was
 born,
 The promise of *His next return* do treat with utmost scorn.
 Some live as if there *was no God*, no Judgment, Heav'n or Hell,
 And recipient of mercies, unthankfully do dwell:
 While some on mercy blindly rest, outside Christ's *covenant*,
 By which alone God justifies, and meets the sinner's want.
 Oh! that the worldly would be wise, would now reflect and hear,
 Before their day of grace is past, before Christ does appear;
 Their weal, their peace, their very life, forever are at stake,
 To risk them all by carelessness is a most dire mistake.
 A wretched unbelief, that binds the soul of man within,
 And trampling on the words of God, is man's condemning sin;
 It makes the ear deaf to the Truth, the heart as hard as stone,
 And brings down vengeance on mankind, for whom Christ did atone.
 Oh! what remorse will fill the souls, that treated with disdain
 Christ's oft-repeated promises, to come to earth again,

That disbelieve assurances that angels, too, had giv'n,
When Christ did leave His chosen ones on His ascent to Heav'n.
When Mercy's day has pass'd away, Justice will onward press,
To drive the foes of Christ from earth, and all unrighteousness.

CHRIST'S PRE-MILLENNIAN COMING.

We know the kingdoms of this world shall at some time become
The Kingdom of our Lord, and Christ's, the Christian's nappy home;
But that will be when Christ appears, *most surely not before*,
When preaching of the present age, and warning calls are o'er.
These will bring out for Christ indeed a multitude elect,
As witnesses unto the Truth, and those who Truth reject.
The Gospel truly is God's power to save the soul from death,
But 'tis *alone* for those who trust in *Christ* by living faith.
The Anti-Christ, as prophesied, shall at the end appear,
But has he not *already come*, and busy ev'rywhere?
The Christian's lamp already shines in Israel's scatter'd fold;
All mark the wane of Gentile times, as it has been foretold.
The perfecting of these events, which clearly now progress,
And which the Bible's prophecies so plainly do express,
Will usher in Christ's coming unto our earth again,
To take His due authority, for His Millennial reign.
Then ev'ry soul that lov'd the Lord, and did on Him rely,
E'en tho' with love's minutest spark, if Christ did it supply,
Will reflect with due effulgence light from Emmanuel's throne
In beams responsive to that love, that did for them atone.
Christ, crowned with starry diadem, as Saviour, Priest and King,
To whom the countless multitude will ceaseless praises bring,
Will give each an inheritance that ne'er shall fade away,
But brighter glow, as gift of Christ, throughout the endless day.
What joy the ransom'd then will show in hallelujahs clear,
In which earth must participate, as Christ was born there.

EARTH AND HEAVEN MADE FOR MAN.

God did create this world to suit man's capabilities,
But Heaven He design'd to be—with its realities—

The full perfection of His work, His own abiding place.
 With Christ, and His redeemed ones, made perfect thro' His grace,
 Yet earth will have most glorious scenes, on which no curse can fall,
 With atmosphere of holiness to be enjoy'd by all.
 There, too, will everlasting hills, bath'd in celestial light,
 Have flow'ry vales, that living streams keep in their fragrance bright.
 There will life's river's crystal tide flow forth thro' vallies wide,
 Where trees of Life their healing fruit do ev'ry mouth provide;
 There verdant plains will stretch thro' groves, in vistas soft and sweet,
 And joys combined will make the bliss of the redeem'd complete.
 For Judah's land renew'd, will yield God's people rich supplies,
 A land more bless'd than Eden was, more rich than Paradise.
 Then, in Heav'n, on Zion's mountain, the Holy City stands,
 With its mansions for the ransom'd, constructed without hands,
 Its walls of sparkling jasper, its streets of shining gold,
 While *Christ's effulgence* yields the light, its glories to unfold.
 Round the throne of the Almighty, and the atoning Lamb,
 The ransom'd do assemble to chant salvation's psalm.
 Infants who never did transgress, tho' sprung from sin-stain'd race,
 Will there shine forth as trophies of their Lord's atoning grace;
 As seraphs round the Mercy-seat they will exulting throng,
 And be the sweetest choir there, to sing salvation's song.
 Martyrs who, by their love to Christ, drew forth man's cruel ire,
 Endur'd fierce persecutions, and perish'd in the fire,
 Will find in Christ their rich reward, on thrones exalted high,
 As Kings and Priests of that dear Lord for whom they dared to die
 High, on the ransom'd multitudes, a halo will be shed,
 The centre and the source, the throne of Christ the Living Head.

THE GLORIES OF SALVATION.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard, nor can man's mind conceive,
 The happiness of the Redeem'd, which each in *Christ* receive.
 When in the great reunion, millions their songs will raise
 In glorious hallelujahs of thankfulness and praise;
 The everlasting hills will send the echoes back as sweet,

And all the universe will know salvation is complete.
 The multitudes, that none can count, will glorify their Lord,
 Ascribing their salvation to Him in grand accord.
"It is finished," it is finished, their Lord's assuring cry,
 Will be re-echoed by that host, their Lord to glorify.
 The brightest stars that decorate His glorious diadem,
 Will pale around that brilliant one, *"The Star of Bethlehem."*
 The song the angels sang with joy, His advent to declare,
 Will be rehearsed again by all who His salvation share.
 The grand old universe of God will worthy off'rings bring,
 But earth's *Redeem'd* will be *joint heirs and brothers of the King.*
 The Seraphim and Cherubim, that wait around the throne,
 Will be companions of all those for whom Christ did atone.
 The Angels, by Archangel led, as messengers of Grace,
 Will welcome all the heirs of God unto the holy place,
 While Heaven's most glorious halo will circle round that brow
 Which man had crown'd with cruel thorns, and on the cross did bow.
What matchless grace! to make a *worm joint heir with Christ on high,*
 Who but the *rebel man*, would dare such offer to deny?
 To such Christ's declaration that *"He will come again,"*
 May seem indeed an idle tale, and doubt His earthly reign,
 But faithful Christians cannot be indifferent and dumb,
When Christ's own promise has been made, that He will surely come.
 Then Heav'n will have a place on earth, and man be capable
 Of service, spiritual, true, unto his Master's will.

EVENTS OF THE SECOND ADVENT.

That *Christ is coming* is as sure as sun on earth does shine—
 'Tis no assertion of frail man, but of the Word divine.
 The *"Signs of Times"* do plainly show that this *our present age,*
 Has turn'd o'er most of its leaves, to near its final page:
 And shall not living Christians wait their coming Lord to greet,
 And note events of Time as marks of His approaching feet?
 When the dawn of *that momentous day shall break through eastern sky,*
 Announcing to a startled world that *Christ is drawing nigh,*

When shouts of the triumphant host shall reach each list'ning ear,
 Then Christians "will lift up their heads," without a single fear,
 And from each voice the greeting will, in confidence, ascend,
This is the Lord for whom we wait, our Saviour and our Friend.
 The earth and sea will have put forth the bodies of the just,
 Preserv'd throughout the stormy sea, or gather'd from earth's dust,
 Rais'd incorruptible by Christ, countless and all complete,
 To join the living in array, their precious Lord to meet.
 The *Second Advent* is at hand, of God's victorious Lamb,
 The comfort of each waiting soul, and to His people balm.

EARTH GLORIFIED AS CHRIST'S BIRTH PLACE.

Earth, honor'd as Christ's place of birth, will still more honored be,
 When again He comes, triumphant in His sovereignty.
 The world He redeem'd in blood was by it made divine,
 As place of His ascension, too, eternally must shine,
 Renew'd, indeed, and purified, and from corruption clear,
 That to its Lord's redeeming love it may full witness bear.
 The holy city of our Lord, that will from Heav'n descend,
 Can never be an index of earth's destructive end.
 Not an atom God created can ever be dissolv'd,
 Much less a world He has lov'd, and by His Son absolv'd.
 In all God's mighty universe, can other world be found
 Where His long-suffering and love thus needed to abound,
 To which He sent His Son to take a creature's lowly place,
 And to endure a cruel cross, to save a ruin'd race?
It cannot be, Christ died but once, for one world that was lost,
 No other needed to be sav'd at such a priceless cost!
 Will not this *grand exception* make our earth to ever glow
 With effulgence more transcendent than other worlds can know?
 No other worlds can e'er obtain inheritance so great,
 As Christ will give His Israel in earth's restored state.
 The Birth, the Death, the Risen form of the Almighty's Son,
 Has for our earth, its chosen scene, eternal glory won:
 For God will not obliterate a world He did select,

For Christ in person to reign o'er, and gain there His elect.
 To it with Heavenly host He'll come, while angels, on swift wing,
 Will pierce the clouds that hang o'er earth, to usher in the King.
 Yes, earth, the birth place of our Lord, can surely never cease,
 As trophy of His victory, and home of endless peace.
 And while He reigns, it ne'er can fade, or loose its Lord's renown.
 For there He wins the jewels of His mediatorial crown;
 And surely those now with the Lord, to whom these truths are plain,
 Wait there with sweet expectancy to visit earth again.

CHRIST'S SECOND ADVENT PROMISED, MEN REJECT, GOD JUSTIFIED.

Soon the glorious confirmation of God's covenant of grace,
 At close of this momentous age will take its promised place,
 Then Christ o'er all our world shall rule, as righteous Potentate,
 And make this earth with peace to bloom in its Millennial state.
 Then will the Lord's redeemed ones be fully justified,
 And triumph as they wait upon the Lamb once crucified.
 Alas! that those professing Christ should silent be, and blind,
 Unto Christ's earnest statements that He for men designed
 To draw their close attention unto the great event,
 The close of present unbelief, His Second sure advent.
 Yet worldly men, who wish it not, deem this great truth absurd,
 Denying Christ's assurances in the inspired Word.
 The Public Press, *in mockery*, state "some men e'en believe
 That Christ will yet return to earth," His people to relieve;
 It publishes what it deems *news*, sensational and strange,
 "That one church has applied to Court its charter to arrange,"
 "That it may tell a careless world, with warning, to prepare
 For the coming of Messiah" (which *signs of times* declare).
 But stranger 'tis that in this land, where Bibles do abound,
 Where all the prophecies of God can readily be found,
 That people should be ignorant of what is plainly told,
 Both by occurrences each year, and by events of old.
 One sign that marks indellibly *this age's coming end*,
 Is man's *denial* that our Lord from Heaven will descend

To take His kingly pow'r on earth, and o'er the nations reign,
 And cover with His righteousness His own redeem'd domain.
 Some churches, nominally Christ's, this promise do deny!
 And publicly also contend that 'tis a heresy;
 These blindly show the sign foretold, that the event is near,
 The fall of many from the Truth, before Christ does appear.
 But *ministers of Christ* will show the truth of this event,
 That 'twill as surely be fulfilled as was His first advent.
 That *as His own clear promise, too, it can in no wise fail,*
 On which His people can rely, 'tho' men dare it assail.
 "The Bridegroom cometh," was the cry, in the long ages past;
 That warning should be sounded *now*, as this draws nigh the last.
 The Church that will be glorious, will be "the purchased bride,"
 Compos'd of all who lov'd their Lord, and on His work relied.
 Naught else can Jew or Gentile plead, whatever was their sect,
 The Church of Christ will be made up alone of His elect.
 'Twas Christ that died to reconcile us to the God of life,
 By Love to conquer man's blind hate, his unbelief and strife;
 It was He who bore the burden of sin's most crushing weight,
 And won deliverance for man, who lost his first estate.
 For this the covenant was made with God's beloved Son,
 For this Christ is man's Surety, by which redemption's won.
 The Church, then, as the Bride of Christ, should of the Bridegroom
 preach,
 And of *His Second Advent* she should her people teach.
 To be absent from the union, when the Redeem'd shall meet,
 Will be to lose the birth-right that Christ has made complete,
 To trample on His covenant, seal'd with His precious blood,
 And launch the soul, unpiloted, upon the stormy flood,
 To fail to fill that destiny that God for sinners plan'd,
 And lose the great inheritance in Heaven's holy land,
 To stand before the "pearly gates," and gain no entrance there,
 Cast out from peace and happiness, to regions of despair,
 To spurn the promise made by God to be His heir thro' grace,
 For that dark land that's ne'er illum'd by brightness of His face.
 To find God's patience worn out, the loving Saviour spurn'd,

Amazing love, chang'd into wrath, mercy to justice turn'd,
 To dwell with all Christ's enemies, who have His truth denied,
 And share with them the deep remorse that never will subside.
 Men seem to be so occupied with things of time and sense,
 They deem Christ's promise to return of slightest consequence,
 They wish, first, that He ne'er should come, then boldly it deny,
 And disbelieve His promises, and all that they imply;
 They trust their bias'd intellects, push Bible truth aside,
 Reject the Word of the Most High, and let man's wisdom (?) guide:
 But man's vain views can never change what his Creator plann'd,
 For 'tis the Word of God, that will irrevocably stand.
 So the nations shall be gather'd, and then it will be known
 Who waited for their coming Lord, and who did Him disown.
 What, then, will earth's false reas'ners do, who have led men astray,
 When they behold the King has come, on that eventful day?
 What, too, earth's noble, and her rich, her erudite, and wise,
 When God's lowly are exalted, that they used to despise?
 What, too, the men of pulpit fame, who hid this truth divine,
 Lest congregations take offence, and ask them to resign?
 What, too, of congregations, who their pastors do impeach
 Because they teach the very truth *that Christ Himself did preach?*
A truth declar'd in sixteen score of verses in God's page,
And in thirteen score of chapters, spread out before this age.

CLOSING REMARKS.

The dawn of the Millennial day will break thro' eastern sky,
 And shed o'er crest of Zion's hill a halo from on high,
 For there Messiah will descend in majesty and might,
 To bring the nations to His feet, and set our world aright.
 Then all in Heav'n and earth will bow, and ev'ry tongue confess,
 Christ the sole Saviour of mankind, the Lord our Righteousness.
 When Adam fell, he carried down with him the human race,
 Which for deliverance now from death must rest on God's free grace,
 He brought ruin o'er creation, man hence was doom'd to toil,
 And in the sweating of his brow to draw food from earth's soil.

Then parts of earth grew desolate, where man cannot appear,
 And where malarial poison is in the atmosphere;
 Volcanoes, too, as witnesses, belch forth their molten flow,
 Spreading death and desolation wherever it does go.
 Earth quakes and totters from the force of her internal fires,
 Yet man is blind to the true cause, and seldom e'en enquires.
 The green sward, in its verdant bloom, is full of poisonous flowers,
 That multiply and gain their strength from heaven's quick'ning showers.
 The venom'd snakes and reptiles lie, crouch'd for a deadly spring,
 Disease is ever round our paths, and hov'ring on the wing.
 Our dead are buried in their graves, amid our sobs and tears,
 And we are left to mourn our loss thro' our remaining years.
 Crime has its votaries with all, the high, the low, the poor,
 And treachery 'mid fancied friends is often at our door.
But is there no redemption from this curse, the fruit of sin?
 No help from *One that's mighty*, a full redress to win?
 Christ, crown'd with thorns, bore the curse for earth as well as man,
 And on His cross He carried out His Father's wondrous plan.
 When Christ *arose*, 'twas without thorns, and He became the Head
 Of a new created offspring, that by His death were made;
And shall He not come back to earth, to perfect and restore
His birth-place to her beauty, and holy as before?
 He will purify the heavens till a thousand years do close,
 When this earth, renew'd beneath them, He will to man disclose,
 Where traces of all death, and pain, and tears, shall ever cease,
 And Sin removed, man and this earth be blessed with lasting peace,
 The *First* great resurrection of *all in Christ complete*,
 The *Last revolt* of rebel man, and subsequent defeat.
 God bids us look for *Christ's return*, not for *Millennium*,
 Which shows that e'er the last takes place, that *Christ will surely come*.
 The *First* is *pre-millennium*, for this we *first* must wait,
 Then comes the *Lord's millennium*, for so God's Word does state.
 'Tis Christless souls that would put off our earth's redemption day,
 Because they will be *unprepar'd* with lifted hearts to say,
 "This is our Lord," we for Him wait, and now that *He is come*,
 As kings and priests we will serve Him thro' the millennium.

Christ's advent will in power be to reinstate our earth,
 In all its pristine majesty, as at creation's birth;
 To banish all iniquity, and dry His people's tears,
 And place them o'er the nations, to rule a thousand years.
This sure event will solve all the dark problems of the world,
 And usher in a *righteous reign*, with flag of *Peace* unfurl'd.
 To earth it will prosperity, unknown to mortals, bring,
 And cover her with varied bloom in an unending spring.
 Christ's people then will shout with joy, when faith is chang'd to view,
 "We've waited for Him," now He's come, to prove His promise true.
 Yes, Christ will *surely* come, and *soon*, from Heaven to earth again,
 With all His angels and His saints, to take His pow'r and reign.
 God bids us watch the *Signs of Times*, but says not *when the day*,
 But tells of tribulations sore, as heralds of His way.
 We learn the sun will darkened be, the moon refuse her light,
 Mourning and woe will seize upon the Christless in that night;
 But Christians then will be rejoiced, their look'd for Lord to meet,
 And all the *dead in Christ* will rise from open graves to greet
 Him, heralded by Patriarchs, and Prophets, long ago,
 While the words of Christ Himself do it most plainly show.

A WARNING.

Ye Gentiles of this closing age, beware lest you refuse
 To look for this same Christ, the Lord, rejected by the Jews;
 With far more light than they possessed, you must God's wrath expect
 If you His *Second Coming* presumptuously reject.
 For shall not He who was with God when universe was made,
 Who stooped to ransom ruined man, yet was by man betray'd,
 Shall not He yet assert His pow'r, and yet be justified,
 And with His blood-bought ransom'd ones, be ever glorified?
 Like the cloudy, fiery pillar, to some He will bring joy,
 To others but a crushing woe, that will all hope destroy.
 For those bright millennial scenes, *do you in no wise care*,
 And in the glory of Christ's reign would you not have a share?
 Would you not join the ransom'd Jews, in their adoring song,

And show that unto Israel, too, you do in Christ belong?
 In this age you should be heralds of the Messiah's reign,
 To Jew and Gentile, that they might expect Him soon again.
 Then in that glorious era you as kings and priests would share
 In conversion of the nations to David's rightful heir.
 God's gifts and calling are as sure as day succeeds the night,
 Christ must *erect His earthly throne*, establishing the *Right*.
 God's promise made to *Abraham*, four hundred years e'er Law,
 Was unconditional, tho' He the Jewish sins foresaw.
 To view the manifestation of those God did elect
 To see the great realities that Christians can expect,
 To wear salvation's gorgeous robe, Christ purchased for His own,
 And join in the angelic praise to Him upon the throne;
 To join the white rob'd multitude who give thanks to the Lamb,
 To have the joy of Heav'n fill the soul with holy calm.
 To all the widespread universe to boldly testify
 That the redemption of lost man does Jesus justify;
 That He who, for God's footstool, earth, did suffer, bleed and die,
 Is *Ruler of the universe, the Lord of life on high*.
Can you afford to forfeit all this glory and this gain?
 Dare you to be *ashamed of Christ*, and treat Him with disdain?
 Will you assist that erring crowd, who have persisted long
 In giving unto God the lie, and advocating wrong?
 Yet if you fail to *herald Christ*, the loss you'll deeply feel,
 With remorse at self-deception, from which there's no appeal.

FINIS.

TEXTS

Confirming the foregoing on the Approaching End of the Age; also the closing of the Gentile dispensation; the future of the Gentiles; when the number of the chosen shall be completed.—The restoration of Israel, and the subsequent vengeance on the ungodly nations; the spiritual destitution of the world then, and after the judgments of God on the earth, the life of the Gentiles that remain.

Romans vi: 25, 26; 2 Cor. iii: 14, 15—The blindness of *Israel* to cease, and *then* the fulness of the *Gentiles*.

Romans xi: 12-15—Life from the dead.

Isaiah lix: 20—Preceding context. At the restoration of the *Jews*

Joel iii: 7-14; Matthew xxiv; Micah v: 8, 9; vii: 14-17—God's vengeance on the earth, state of the world, and *Israel's restoration*.

Zeph. iii: 8-12; Zech. xii—There is no conversion of the world before the restoration of the *Jews*.

Isaiah lix: 20, 21; and lx—The call to the *Jews* *after* their conversion.

Romans ix: 27—The *Israel* here are not converted *Gentiles*, but refer to *national Israel*.

Jer. iv: 1, 2—The conversion of the *Gentiles* depends on the *last* turning of the *Jews*.

Zech. viii: 22, 23—All nations shall seek the Lord in *Jerusalem*. Ten men shall beseech *one Jew*.

Romans xi: 15—The turning of all nations is not before, but after, the restoration of the *Jews*.

Rev. xx: 1-8—The only place *the Millennium* is mentioned—Satan bound during it.

1 Thess. iv: 15-17—*Second Advent*—the dead in *Christ* shall rise *first*.

Luke xiv: 13, 14—*Second Advent*—at the resurrection of the *Justified*.

Daniel xii: 2—*Second Advent*—Many from among the *Sleepers*.

1 Corinthians xv: 23—*Second Advent*—*Christ the first*, afterwards *they that are Christ's at His Coming*.

Phil. iii: 7-11—*Second Advent*—Euastasis translates "Resurrection," out from the dead.

1 Peter i: 3—*Second Advent*—The living hope for which Peter thanked God.

"The *post-millennian* advocates err greatly in calling *Conversion* the *First Resurrection*. But if the *First Resurrection* be *spiritual*, so also must be the *Second*. If the *Second* be *corporeal*, so also must be the *First*. And if the *First* be not *corporeal*, then the saints do not rise at all, for they certainly do not rise with the rest of the dead!"

IN THE JEWS SHALL ALL THE FAMILIES OF THE EARTH
BE BLESSED.

God form'd the mighty universe, with all its worlds of light,
 Before He brought our little globe from its chaotic night;
 This smallest of His glorious works was yet by Him design'd
 To be the great exemplar of His love unto mankind.
 He knew His thrice bless'd creature, man, would prove a reprobate,
 That naught but miracle of grace could him then reinstate;
 A miracle exceptional, alone for ruined man,
 We dare not think that other worlds e'er needed such a plan.
 This earth became the centre of God's especial love,
 Round which the admiration of universe does move;
 For other world has God e'er paid so wonderful a price,
 For other world has He e'er made so great a sacrifice?
 To angels e'en such act of grace was doubtless a surprise,
 How God could thus stoop from His throne redemption to devise!
 Yet in His love He did declare His zeal should never cease,
 Till the Wonderful, the Counsellor, the Mighty Prince of Peace,
 Should establish Truth in Jacob, through Israel to show
 The justice of Almighty God, that mercy man might know.
 God's covenant with Abraham, that faithful, holy Jew,
 First taught redemption for mankind was possible and true.
 This Truth thro' Israel's wanderings to Gentiles has come down,
 The revelation of salvation, that will the ransom'd crown.
The Election, Rejection, and dispersion of the Jew,
 Are lessons ster'otyped on earth, as warnings ever new,
 These illustrate God's bounteous love, that on His own does dwell,
 And the dread punishment of those who 'gainst His laws rebel:
 Especially on all who dare ignore His holy name,
 Deny His Truth in wilfulness, and glory in their shame.
 A living, true epistle is the Jew in ev'ry land,
 That mankind may learn and obey, and God's Truth understand.
 The Prophecies, the Covenant, the Promises we get,
 Through Israel, the chosen race, tho' God did them reject,
 Their Rejection and Dispersion pav'd our way to love Divine,

The Truth that's veiled unto the Jew, does on the Gentile shine.
 Israel's darkness brought us light, thro' God's abounding grace,
 And scatter'd Israel as sign of warning to our race.
 Moses' farewell to Israel's tribes, ere he sought Nebo's mount
 Tells of God's constant love to them, yet does His wrath recount,
 Seal'd up to be "a recompense" for those who Him forsake,
 A warning which the Jews refus'd, that Gentiles, too, must take;
 A living warning, still in force, to make the Gentiles pause,
 Before presumptuously they sin, and trample on His laws.
 If unto favor'd Israel this recompense be made,
 How can transgressing Gentiles now that recompense evade?
 For the Jew there's restoration, by covenant of grace,
 When the Messiah comes again to earth, His native place.
 Yet their recompense must also come, to justify our Lord,
 "God is not mock'd," He will sustain and carry out His word.
 If two-thirds of all Israel will perish in their sin,
 The remnant only of a third will Christ's redemption win.
 The twelve tribes, with twelve thousand each, are those that will be
 seal'd,
 While countless white-robed multitudes, who palms of glory wield,
 Must come from ransom'd nations, spring from the Gentile race;
 Thro' God's inestimable love, and His abounding grace.
 When Israel rejected Christ, Truth to the Gentiles turn'd,
 And Paul was sent with glad tidings, that Israel had spurn'd.
 The Jew was then God's covenant, to give the Gentiles light,
 Which would set blinded pris'ners free, and make their pathway bright.
 The *Restoration*, glorious day for Gentile and for Jew!
 Will usher in Messiah's reign, and prove God's promise true.
 As thro' the Jews, the Gentiles get the word of salvation,
 How perfect will that work be found at their *Restoration*!
 All will then of Israel be, *Messiah one for all*,
 The promises to Israel will on the Gentiles fall.
 Should we not love the stricken Jew, thro' whom great Truths we get
 Tho' the Scripture admonition on this most men reject.
 Tho' God has stamped on Israel for centuries disgrace,
 He bids the followers of Christ with love to treat this race,

That they may share with them the joy of Zion's glorious day,
When Israel, ransomed, will be crown'd, and sorrows flee away.
It's then the desert will rejoice, and blossom as the rose,
And in the peace of her dear Lord shall earth find sweet repose.
For Christ shall have dominion, and all the nations sway,
And ev'ry kindred in her bounds shall see Him and obey.
When He will kingdoms give His own, and with them blessings share,
Clad in His robes of righteousness, prepar'd for them to wear,
Their night of sorrow will be o'er, and dawn of morn will come,
And Israel's long silent harps will play a grand Sweet Home
When Christ will stand on Olivet, and angels Truth will teach,
Conviction overwhelmingly the nations all will reach,
And conversion by God's Spirit of "a nation in a day,"
Will prove the truth of Prophecy, that "all shall Christ obey."
Then will the seed of Abraham (God's Covenant complete)
Replace the cruel Crown of Thorns with garlands *at His feet*.
Then the harmony of kindness, that bitterness removes,
Will be the reigning influence o'er all that on earth moves.
The timid lamb will play around the wolf's long dreaded jaws,
For Christ will even make wild beasts to keep His peaceful laws.
As the birth-place of our Saviour, earth glory will obtain,
As trophy of His loving work must evermore remain.
What worm of earth will dare assert that God will not achieve
The promises He makes so plain, which we're bound to believe?
As Israel is witness to His faithfulness and might,
So word of God is standard Truth, and must prove true and right.

TRUTHFUL CALLS.

WHY WILL YE DIE?

Ezekiel xviii: 31.

This question, an important one, waits for a clear reply,
And Christ Himself the question asks, why will you choose to die?

Why am I not a Christian, when Life on it depends?
Is it because I fear the gibes of any worldly friends?
Christ's warning words I know,
"Whoever is asham'd of Me, and does My Word deny,"
Of him the Lord will be ashamed, and leave his soul to die
In never ending woe.

Is it because I love the world more than my precious soul?
Christ says, what shall it profit man, if he the world control,
And leaves his soul to die?

Is it because that Christians oft do inconsistent live?
God says that each one *for himself* a strict account shall give
Before the throne on high.

Is it because I am afraid God will not me receive?
Christ says He never will cast out those who on Him believe,
Though they be sinners chief.

Is it because I fear, thro' sin, I'm now to death consign'd?
The blood of Jesus Christ doth cleanse from sin of ev'ry kind,
Except of unbelief.

Is it because I fear, when tried, my faith would pass away?
But Christ says that He is in charge, and will keep me each day,
Until my call shall come.

Is it that if I try to be honest and true and good,
I think God will be satisfied, I have done all I could,
And take me safely home?

God says that he who keeps the Law, yet in one point does fail,
Will be held guilty of the whole—such plea will not avail
Before His judgment throne.
Christ only did make good the Law, that fallen man did break,
And by His sacrifice for man did satisfaction make,
And does for man atone.

Is it because, tho' I postpone, some day I hope to be
A Christian, and be thus prepared to meet eternity,
And bid this world adieu?
Christ says, thou knowest not at all but that the coming day
May be the last you'll have of grace, and you may pass away,
As Christless sinners do.

Is it that by morality I hope to save my soul,
And thus thro' merits of my own, my future lot control?
God's Word does this proclaim,
"That under heaven there is naught that mortal has been given,
Whereby man ever can be sav'd, and be of sin forgiven,
But Christ's Life-giving name."

Ah! what intense regret we'll feel throughout the endless years,
Which will be intensified as each age disappears,
That we refused to take
The boon Christ offer'd, when, on earth, He asked, "Why will ye die?"
Whilst I to pleadings of Christ's love did impiously deny
Acknowledgement to make.

What anguish to behold loved ones away from heaven, where,
Having forgotten God, they reap dark ruin and despair
In a sad, hopeless state.

To know the harvest has been pass'd, the day of grace is o'er:
They not only are not saved, but lost for evermore!
Convinc'd when 'tis too late.

'Tis love, then, when our God by stripes does rouse the sleeping soul,
And makes it see realities while it can them control,
Through Jesus, waiting long;
For if the wrath of God does fall upon that Christless head,
'Twill drive it from the house of peace to live as worse than dead
With earth's polluted throng.

With thieves, and murderers, and all the lowest, most deprav'd,
To be redeem'd from such a state is surely to be sav'd!
Beyond what tongue can tell!
But worst of all, to choose such scene and Jesus Christ reject,
Will sadden souls that, careless, they salvation did neglect—
This surely will be Hell.

From whence did all creation come, without a Maker's hand?
From whence the sun, and moon, and stars, the mighty sea and land,
When all in chaos was?
God did exist ere all things else could in existence be,
They were alone created by the will of Deity,
Made subject to His laws.

Shall man, the last, best work of God, o'er all the rest to rule,
Ignore his Maker, hate what's true, and prove himself a fool,
Tho' in God's image made?
Shall I deny my common sense, and blindly onward go,
And risk my soul's eternity, and drift along to woe,
And heed not what is said?

The question that is asked us all now waits a clear reply.
And Christ Himself the question puts, why will you Christless die?
Shall I no answer give?

Shall I defraud my precious soul of its eternal weal,
 When Christ gave up His precious life its happiness to seal,
 Shall I still careless live?

This carelessness, does Satan claim, yields him the greatest throng
 Of those who see not that it is an active, deadly wrong,
 Presumptuous neglect,
 Of the high and holy friendship that Love of Christ did show;
 For such gross disregard of God His wrath must surely flow
 On all that Him forget.

The way is easy down to death, for soon this life is o'er,
 But life eternal, life in death, is death for evermore;
 Lord, help us now to claim
 Repentance and renewal here, before our course is run,
 Forgiveness, and acceptance, through Thy beloved Son,
 We ask it in His name.

TWENTY REASONS WHY ALL SHOULD SEEK TO BECOME CHRISTIANS.

God lov'd the world so much He gave His well beloved Son,
 That whosoe'er depends on Him should these rich blessings own,
 He does them all enumerate, to make them to you plain,
 How can you treat His proffer'd gifts with scorn and disdain?
 In plainest terms the Bible tells results that will inure
 To ev'ry soul that seeks in Christ salvation to secure;
 There you will find rich benefits, that God signs with His name,
 Each sinner lost will only lay upon himself the blame.
 If you've no heart to seek the gifts which He waits to bestow,
 Beware! for you are on the road that leads to death and woe.
 For your own everlasting weal, oh! seek the wiser course,
 Ere God withdraws His saving grace, and leaves you to remorse.
 God sets before you now the Truth, and on you deigns to wait,
 Your act may fix the destinies of your eternal state.

Here are His twenty reasons why you should not reject
The overtures of mercy He wants you to accept,

Because, if lovers of Christ,

First, your sins are blotted out, as promised in Isaiah xliii: 25.

Second, they are borne by another, as promised in 1st Peter ii: 24.

Third, they will be cast behind God's back, as promised in Isaiah
xxxviii: 17.

Fourth, they will be cast into the depths of the sea, as promised in
Micah vii: 19.

Fifth, they will be washed away with cleansing blood, as promised in
1st John i: 7.

Sixth, they will be all covered up, as promised in Romans iv: 7.

Seventh, they will be finished, as promised in Daniel ix: 24.

Eighth, they will be forgiven, as promised in Col. ii: 13.

Ninth, they will not be beheld, as promised in Numbers xxiii: 21.

Tenth, they will not be reckoned, as promised in Romans iv: 8.

Eleventh, they will not be remembered, as promised in Hebrews viii: 12.

Twelfth, they will be pardoned, as promised in Micah vii: 18.

Thirteenth, they will be passed away, as promised in Zech. iii: 4.

Fourteenth, they will be purged, as promised in Hebrews i: 3.

Fifteenth, they will be put away, as promised in Hebrews ix: 26.

Sixteenth, they will be remitted, as promised in Acts x: 43.

Seventeenth, they will be removed, as promised in Psalm ciii: 12.

Eighteenth, they will be subdued, as promised in Micah vii: 19.

Nineteenth, they will be sought for and found no more, as promised
in Jeremiah 1: 20.

Twentieth, they will be taken away, as promised in Isaiah vi: 7.

One promise of our God's enough, but here are twenty given!

God is so anxious you should choose the only way to Heaven.

It is a gift that's free to all who love Christ's precious name,

And he who dares despise it now will have *himself* to blame.

From whence comes your existence here if not from the Most High?

Who does your needed health and strength for ev'ry day supply?

Who gathers round you mercies, that you unthankful share?

Who shields you from a thousand ills—of which you're not aware?

And is it not most *monstrous*, then, *ungrateful*, *mean* and *low*,
To use the gifts of His own hand and Him no rev'rence show?
Is this the way you would requite your Maker and best friend?
I leave it to yourselves to say, where sin like this must end.
Eternity is far too great for *baubles* to exchange,
That men should do it, 'gainst plain sense, is marvellously strange.
The glittering of these baubles will catch the weak fool's eye,
But they will mock his deep distress when he is call'd to die!
Men, blind by nature, do not know how they salvation need,
God gives His Spirit unto all, who for that Spirit plead.
Man broke God's law, Christ made it good, has done all that He can,
Heaven itself would yield no joy to unconverted man.

THE WORK OF CHRIST.

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND VICTORY, AND EARTH A HEAVENLY PLACE.

Flesh is so blinded by the fall, materialism, pride,
We have no heartfelt feelings for the pangs that did abide
Upon the Saviour, when He bore the sins of our lost race,
And when the Father hid from Him His all-inspiring face.
A weight so vast, our finite minds are powerless to know,
A load that countless souls would crush in agonies of woe.
The soul that's just awakened to see its ruin'd state,
To mourn o'er iniquities and writhe beneath their weight,
These pangs, if by *a whole world's sin* you could e'en multiply,
Would faintly tell the sufferings that did Christ's manhood try.
In all His garden agony, and on the cruel cross,
To bear for us our punishment, and bear for us our loss.
But a halo crowned His victory, and o'er the cross was shed,
When He cried, "*It is finished*," before His spirit fled.
His victory He came to win. prompted by saving love,

The power and efficiency of which His work did prove.
 He rose triumphant from the tomb, *Victor o'er Hell and death*,
 And made earth furnish laurels for His *mediatorial wreath*.
 Earth witnessed the perfecting of God, the Father's, plan,
 And Christ *ascended* did proclaim *salvation* wrought by man.
 The *Crown of Thorns* He left on earth, but *Victor's* crown He wears,
 Altho' the marks of cruel nails He as memorials bears.
 The hosts of Heaven greeted Him with praise and holy joy,
 And hallelujahs round the throne the angels did employ,
 Which ran thro' the eternal hills, with echoes loud and sweet,
 To mark Christ's work of making man's salvation all *complete*.
 Of joy within the loving heart of our most precious Lord,
 Our lisping tongues can only make inadequate record.
 Souls that redeem'd and brought to Christ, that glow with love's delight,
 Give faint idea of the joy that is our Saviour's right,
 For conquering the Evil One, and closing mouth of Hell,
 No work elsewhere, God's universe can of such vict'ry tell.
 And *this was wrought for rebel man by God, who left His throne*
To die upon His footstool, earth, for man's sin to atone.
 Oh! earth, memorial of *such love*, thy destiny is great,
 For as "*a Heavenly place*" thy Lord will thee anew create.

GOD'S UNFAILING GOODNESS AND MAN'S INGRATITUDE.

To hate the best and dearest Friend,
 And all His love deny,
 Though all His kindnesses ne'er end,
 Is man's great perfidy.

To grasp the bounties that He gives,
 But reject the donor,
 Of all the gifts by which he lives,
 Is man's great dishonor.

When men with troubles are beset,
And brought to deep distress,
They take the good, and yet forget
The One who gives redress.

Yet worse than this, men blindly treat
Jesus, the sinner's friend,
And all His love with coldness meet,
Forgetful of the end.

But just as sure as sun does shine,
Will retribution be,
Tho' all the wicked should combine
Against the Deity.

'Tis love of Christ will save man's soul,
By grace 'tis freely giv'n,
'Tis this that only will enroll
The sinner's name in heav'n.

Its faintest spark God will protect,
Till it grows strong and bright,
And, like a diamond, can reflect
Its Master's glorious light.

E'en "cup of water"—*gift of love*—
To some strange, suff'ring friend,
Will sparkle as a stream above,
When earthly treasures end.

The rose e'en giv'n for Jesus' sake,
Will bloom above forever,
There's not an offering we thus make
That Jesus will not gather.

God reach'd the acme of His love,
 When for a world undone
 He did its wondrous power prove,
 And sacrificed His Son.

He took from heaven its brightest light,
 Quench'd in deep distress,
 That man might thus regain a right
 To heaven's happiness.

If man can then *this gift* despise,
 The *greatest* God could give,
 He must expect to lose the prize
 And in despair to live.

Thou, Lord, art our salvation,
 Our hope, our stay, our all;
 We can without cessation
 On Thee for mercies call.

The Way of Life is now open
 Thro' Thy triumphant Son,
 The chains of sin are broken,
 The victory is won.

Thy promise has been given,
 There's nothing but it sure,
 That there is rest in heaven,
 Whilst heaven does endure.

As none of Christ's can perish,
 Lord, make us *all Thine own*,
 That each Thy love may cherish,
 And unbelief disown.

THE CHRISTIAN NEVER DIES.

To sleep in Christ is not to cease from life till the great day
 When He shall call His ransom'd dust from earth and mighty sea.
 God is a god of *life*, not death, the Scriptures plainly tell, Luke xx: 38.
 The souls redeem'd when they depart with Christ do surely dwell.
 The thief who died beside our Lord, *that very day did rise*,
 To meet his new-found Saviour, *in scenes of Paradise!* Luke xxiii: 43.
 At Christ's transfiguration, *Elias* did appear, Matt. xvii: 3.
 He, as translated, must have come from heavenly place, 'tis clear.
 But *Moses* died in Moab's land, there does his body rest, Deut. xxxiv: 56.
 Yet he was called to meet the Lord from some home of the blest.
Lazarus died, his soul was borne by angels up on high, Luke xvi: 22,
 To *Abraham*, whose own remains in Ephron's cave still lie.
David had gone a thousand years ere Christ on earth was born:
 Was David ignorant of what did him so much concern?
 If so, he still sleeps unaware of what God had him shown,
 That of his seed One should arise to ever hold his throne.
 Can David, to whom promise of ne'er ending life God gave,
 Still lie a mere nonentity in his Mount Zion grave,
 Tho' his Lord rose, and did ascend unto His Father's throne—
 Does David's soul still sleep within Jerusalem's old tomb?
 Can he that God so honor'd rest unconscious in his grave
 Of fulfilment of the promise that Christ would come to save?
 It cannot be, his soul asleep for near three thousand years!
 While Christ has ransom'd millions from death and all its fears,
 The casket of his soul indeed is in the tomb to stay,
 Till call'd to join it glorified, on resurrection day.
 But Christ's redeemed, at His ascent to realms of heavenly space,
 Most surely met their chosen Lord, and saw His glorious face.
 When *Elijah* was translated, it was to Paradise,
 Where were *Abram*, *Isaac*, *Jacob*, and many saints likewise.
 These all suffer'd dissolution, and nature's debt had paid;
 This special great exemption God for His servant made.
 The Bible surely does assert to Christians freed from earth,
That dissolution brings the morn of a new, glorious birth.

Could *Paul* have deem'd it *gain to die*, that he *with Christ* might be,
Phil. i: 21, 23,

Had he thought dissolution meant a *dark nonentity*?

Paul was too wise to call that *gain* which thus would be a *loss*.

He knew that *Christ* had conquered *death* when He died on the cross.

"*I shall not die*," a saint I lov'd said, parting those most dear;

"Weep not for me, because ye think my death is drawing near.

'Tis but the eve before the morn of life in *Christ* to live.

Dry up your tears, and songs of praise unto the Saviour give."

Bless'd are the "dead" who "die" in *Christ*, are words that bring no
gloom, Rev. iv: 12.

Blessing knows no corruption, sin's *curse* brought us the tomb.

God breath'd the soul-life into man, 'tis said, then that is *blest*, Genesis
ii: 7,

Soul does not dwell within the tomb, but in some place of rest.

Man's weak opinions cannot change all that the Lord hath said,

For God's Word only gives the Truth, that we cannot evade.

It speaks in *plainest terms* to us, that simplest minds may learn, Isaiah
xxxv: 8,

And none but self-wise men can fail its meaning to discern.

It tells that *Dissolution frees* the Christian's soul to rise,

Its casket goes back to the earth, the soul to Paradise.

John saw the martyrs in white robes, he heard, too, what they said,
Rev. vi: 9-11.

This is no record that refers to *ashes of the dead*!

And it was said to them that they should for a time still rest.

These words to *lifeless dust* in tombs would mock'ry be at best.

Christ took His body glorified up to His Father's throne,

The first-fruits of His victory, to be shar'd with His own.

These facts and inferences show *the Christian never dies*,

What's called death to them is dawn of morn in Paradise.

But if this vict'ry be not shar'd until *Christ* comes again,

Then must the millions of dead saints for ages here remain.

And are their souls deprived of all their spirituality?

"When *Christ* says, '*Wheresoc'er I am, there shall My servants be*,'"
John xii: 26,

"That *spirit shall return to God, for 'tis the life He gave,*" John xvii: 24.

"That dust shall then return to dust, the *body to the grave,*" Eccles.

xii: 7,

"That David did commit his soul to Christ his living Head," Psalm

xxxix: 5,

"That the body without spirit is number'd with the dead," Isaiah ii: 26,

"That Stephen, dying, ask'd his Lord his spirit to receive," Acts vii: 7.

These statements are in God's own Word, and we must them believe.

Then we are justified to say, *the Christian never dies,*

But soon as freed from earth's *restraints, to be with Christ does rise.*

The soul that as a spark comes from the Spirit of our God,

Can never lie in *dormant state* for ages 'neath earth's sod.

If saved, it soars into the light of "heavenly place" above,

Memorial of Salvation's work, thro' Christ's redeeming love.

Thanks be to God, who gives to us, thro' Christ, the victory

O'er *Satan, Death, and curse of grave,* in His fidelity.

When earth's last headland has been gain'd, call'd hence to far-off shore,

The Christian's soul will be sustained, with angel guides to soar,

Into the presence of its Lord, in that sweet home above,

Prepar'd for its reception, memorial of His love.

Earth will not be forgotten, but salvation will be known,

And ecstasy of joy be felt, that Christ the soul does own.

These glorious realities are by the Spirit taught,

Yet few appear to seek to know, or even give them thought.

The wisdom of the world, we're told, is foolishness with Thee,

Lord, by Thy Spirit help us all in simple faith to see

That *Christ is the sole Saviour*, no church can take His place,

Since He alone has wrought for man the miracle of grace.

No one could be His substitute to our lost, ruined race,

For He alone was without sin, and could our sin efface.

The *Godman* had the righteousness, man lost his at the fall,

Then *Jesus* was made sin *for us, and bore the curse for all.*

2 Cor. v: 21; 1 Peter ii: 24; Gal. iii: 13.

Dear Saviour, when our call does come, be Thou our loving guide,

Unto our blessed, happy home, redeem'd and glorified.

Thank God! there is redemption for sinners lost, undone,

In Christ a new creation, o'er grave a victory won.
 The sayings that are often heard are therefore great mistakes,
 "He's gone to rest in sleep of death till the last trump awakes."
 For Dissolution is not *Death unto the Christian's soul*,
 That is redeemed by *Lord of Life*, and safe in His control.
 Then fear not dissolution, *blissful the latest breath*,
 That finds in Christ unending life: this surely is not Death!

CHRIST IN HIS HUMAN NATURE BOTH JEW AND GENTILE.

'Tis said, as man, our Saviour is, by lineage, a Jew;
 Thro' eleven generations we find this to be true.
 But *David*, from whom *Christ* has sprung, was great grandson to *Ruth*,
 A *Gentile* woman, of whose life we have details of truth.
 This seemed prognostic of the sin, of Israel the elect,
 When Christ would come unto His own, and they would Him reject.
 God saw it fit that blood of both should fill our Saviour's veins,
 That each should share in Him of Life, equality of gains;
 Hence Paul was made Apostle chief, with this great plan in view,
 To preach *Christ* to the *Gentile* world, tho' disavow'd by *Jew*.
 To preach the *Gospel* to all men, Christ gave instructions plain,
 As witness of His saving Truth, before *He comes again*.
 Thus *Christ* to Gentile and to Jew is the sole way to *Heav'n*,
 To all who love and serve their Lord *Redemption will be giv'n*.

NEITHER IS THERE SALVATION IN ANY OTHER.

"Neither is there salvation in any other, for there is none other name
 under Heaven, given among men, whereby we must be saved,"

Acts iv: 12.

"Christ the Glory, Hope, and Joy of His people," Hebrews vii: 25,
 Romans viii: 38, 39.

Christ only can the sinner save,
 His people's hope, and joy,

He conquered Hell, and Death, and Grave,
None can His work destroy.
Tho' God of all the universe,
He stoop'd to man's estate,
To bear for him the deadly curse,
And open Heaven's gate.
*He the sole foundation
Of a great salvation,
For lost and ruin'd man.*

He is the only light that shines
Thro' this dark vale of tears,
His love around our hearts entwines,
To dissipate our fears.
He is our precious Advocate
In His intercession,
The Lamb of God to expiate
All our great transgression;
*He the sole foundation
Of a great salvation,
For lost and ruin'd man.*

He is the Shepherd of our souls,
The "Bright and Morning Star,"
The "Counsellor" that all controls,
Before the Judgment bar.
His, the Diadem of Glory,
The "Days man" to appear,
When our earth has closed sin's story,
And trump of God we hear,
*He the sole foundation
Of a great salvation,
For lost and ruin'd man.*

He the "Help," and "Habitation,"
His people's "Heritage,"

"The Horn of their salvation,"
 Thro' Life's eternal age.
 He of armies the Jehovah,
 The "Prince of Peace," the "King,"
 "Lion of the tribe of Judah,"
 Of Righteousness the spring.
He the sole foundation
Of a great salvation,
For lost and ruin'd man.

He is still the man, Christ Jesus,
 Abraham's promis'd seed,
 By His covenant to relieve us,
 He supplies our need.
 The great God of Isaiah,
 The Melchisedec of Paul,
 By the prophets the Messiah,
 Redeemer of us all.
He the sole foundation
Of a great salvation,
For lost and ruin'd man.

As man, He was of Mary born,
 God manifest on earth,
 And He whom men received with scorn
 Was Heaven's highest worth.
 He as a malefactor died
 In anguish, yet He won
 The victory God did provide
 For His beloved Son.
He the sole foundation
Of a great salvation,
For lost and ruin'd man.

Nowhere on earth to rest His head,
 Yet crowns of Life He gives,

Tho' He was number'd with the dead,
 Yet evermore He lives;
 The Shiloh, and the Sacrifice,
 Yet Sun of Righteousness;
 He paid our full redemption price,
 And wrought our holiness.
*He the sole foundation
 Of a great salvation,
 For lost and ruin'd man.*

THE SEVEN SAYINGS OF OUR LORD, AS HE HUNG ON THE CROSS.

His *First* word was a loving plea, e'en for His enemies,
 Who in delusion did inflict on Him His agonies,
 As He atonement made.
 Here, *love of Christ* was paramount, "*Father, forgive,*" the plea,
 "Because they know not what they do," in enmity to Me,
 Or of the ransom paid.

How wondrous is the sympathy of Christ for fallen man,
 The great long-suffering kindness pervading all God's plan!
 Evinc'd by what He said.

Christ's *Second* was unto the thief, whose faith did all suffice.
 His words were, "*Thou shalt be with Me this day in Paradise,*"
 In answer to the plea
 Of wretched sinner, in death's throes, who was converted there,
 And put forth from his inmost soul, the all-prevailing prayer,
 "O, Lord! remember me."

His soul pass'd thro' the valley's gloom, but did not thro' the grave,
 Christ conquer'd it, and conquer'd death, Omnipotent to save,
 A wondrous victory!

This cheering saying of our Lord Christians should understand,
That light breaks thro' the valley's gloom from the celestial land,
And is a verity.

Third Saying:

Christ stereotyp'd by His next words a sacred rule for earth,
That man owes his most earnest love to her who gave Him birth,
For in His torture deep,
Providing for His *mother's* weal, He said, "Behold your son,"
Consigning to His servant John His own beloved one,
A charge John lov'd to keep.

Fourth Saying:

Christ's simple words, "*I thirst*," brought forth His foes' brutality,
When they denied the common gift of mere humanity
To suffering and woe,
And mocking Him whose Title true was written o'er His head,
They earn'd their condemnation when His precious blood they shed,
Which from His side did flow.

Great marvel! that the holy One, who rules the universe,
Should yield Himself to sinful man, to save him from the curse
That cover'd earth alone,
For none dare think such sacrifice for other worlds was made,
Or that the Evil One had pow'r their people to degrade,
And their God to disown.

Fifth Saying:

Jesus, in fearful suffering for man's iniquity,
Cried out, "My God, My God, why hast Thou now forsaken Me!"
Heart-broken by the weight,
A weight so grievous to be borne, no finite mind can know;
A weight that still the *love of Christ* forc'd Him to undergo,
Forsaken by His Father, then, He bore that weight alone,
Of the sins of earth's vast numbers, for whom He did atone.
Was ever love so great?

Sixth Saying:

"*It is finished*," were the simple words in which He did proclaim
The great Redemption of our world from penalty and shame,
For which cause He had died,
Redemption that has opened Heav'n to all who love their God,
And that our Lord has won for man, on earth's polluted sod,
Yet to be glorified.

Seventh Saying:

And now our suff'ring Lord, who knew He had salvation wrought,
And that His dying breath would seal the pardon He had bought,
Utter'd this final prayer:
Father! into Thy loving hands My spirit I resign,
For I have fill'd the mission that Thy Love did first design,
And would Thy glory share.

Alas! how true the fall of man when multitudes are born,
Who treat this *miracle of grace* with unbelief and scorn,
And *needless* deem the cost
Of our Lord's sacrifice for sin, the souls of men to save,
While they remain indifferent, and Satan's willing slave,
Until at last they're lost.

But Christ will soon come here, to make His native land to be
The home of Peace and Righteousness, rul'd by His sovereignty,
The world He did select
Of all His mighty universe, for which His life was giv'n,
To raise His creatures out of sin, and make them heirs of Heav'n,
His blood-bought and elect.

The *sayings* of our precious Lord establish God's design,
Of saving man by sacrifice, thro' miracle Divine,
The proof of which is giv'n,
For Christ was lifted up to be sole Saviour of our race,
And God invites all men to be partakers of His grace,
And seek their homes in Heav'n.

What vast responsibility on souls who Christ reject!
 He seeks to place them with His own, the blood-bought and elect,
 And for them paid the cost!
 It must increase remorse that He had pleaded o'er and o'er,
 While they *His free salvation* did most foolishly ignore,
 Till shut out with the lost.

Oh! may Christ's *sayings* influence and change our wayward wills,
 Eradicating from our hearts their own inherent ills,
 Till we get safely home!
 May all for whom we ever pray by them be so imprest
 That they may choose them as their guide unto eternal rest,
 In the great world to come.

APPEALS TO REASON.

LIFE'S OUTLOOK, THE ETERNAL SHORE, THE MORNING
 STAR.

Life's outlook, tho' so brief to each,
 Does an expanse reveal
 That to the shores eternal reach,
 The land of woe or weal.

Those short of sight ne'er take this view,
 But brought to Life's headland,
 The ocean's there, but bark, nor crew,
 Nor Pilot is at hand.

Yet out upon this boundless sea,
 The sport of wind and wave,
 Those who *forget* their God must be,
 Without a friend to save.

Who is at fault, that aught poor soul
Should sink then in distress?
Where is its Maker to control,
And grant it sure redress?

God offered safety, 'twas refused!
Long pleaded He in vain,
And tho' His grace was still abused,
He pleaded still again.

The sinner is the sufferer here,
Doom'd by his own right hand,
He scorn'd the boon that cost so dear,
And built his hopes on *sand*.

The wild dirge of that sea will sound
Forever in his ears,
And untold woes will e'er be found
To realize his fears.

Launch'd into that stormy tide,
Alone in deepest gloom,
He'll reach in storm the other side,
To learn his fearful doom.

Christ made a safe and easy way,
Illumin'd by His light,
For those who steer for Zion's bay,
And all He does invite.

But man is free to choose his course,
To live or be undone,
God never does the sinner force,
Man may reject God's Son.

Alas! alas! that men, endow'd
 With powers from on high,
 Should let *Time's trifles* mar and cloud
 Their future destiny.

Alas! that some, so prompt and true
 In all life's busy scenes,
 Should on Life's headland have no view
 Of what Christ's Gospel means.

Should argue that God never made
 Man's ruin by "the fall,"
 That He in justice can't evade
 That Christ *dið die for ALL*.

I ask'd one if he thought *ms* soul
 Could carry up their plea
 Before the Throne, and thus control
 His Maker's fixed decree?

His fellow-man got no reply,
 Then how can he dare stand
 Before the Holy One on high,
 With such a bold demand?

There is *One* way that God has sent
 To save the soul of man,
 His *reason* and his *argument*
 Can never change the plan.

Alas! if any dear to me
 Should not the light perceive,
 As dawning of eternity,
 And his poor soul deceive!

POEMS OF LIVING TRUTH.

His sun would sink beneath the wave
In that tempestuous sea,
No voice to still the storm, and save
In that extremity.

And he would land on that drear shore
A wreck in deep distress,
Thro' endless ages to deplore
His foolish carelessness.

May God all hearts to wisdom move,
To count the fearful cost,
Forbid in mercy and in love
That lov'd ones thus be lost.

The longest life is little worth,
In this poor, fleeting state,
But in that land there'll be no dearth
Of all that's good and great.

The Christian's sun does never set,
Hid briefly but to rise,
A holy radiance to reflect,
In scenes of Paradise.

With Christ you may from earth embark
Upon that open sea,
The way is joyous, 'tis not dark,
For He has charge of thee.

Yes, you may pass across that sea,
Secure from all alarms,
Christ thy sure refuge, under thee
The Everlasting Arms.

No angry billows e'er will break
Upon those shores of Peace,
No tempests be allow'd to make
Tranquility to cease.

The Sun of Righteousness will shine
In sweet, unwearying light,
For there Immanuel Divine
Will ever be in sight.

We have no words to tell the glow
Of pleasure and of joy
That all the ransomed then will know,
Without the least alloy.

Eye hath not seen, nor ear hath heard,
The glories that await
The loving servants of our Lord,
In that celestial state.

It is a country of delight,
Where youth and strength remains,
Where *Morning Star* precludes all night,
And Jesus o'er it reigns.

There landscapes of celestial hue
On ev'ry side are seen,
With streams of life meand'ring thro'
The fields of emerald green.

There trees of Life spontaneous bear
Their healing fruit and leaves,
And multitudes to them repair
For solace and for ease.

POEMS OF LIVING TRUTH.

The *love of Christ* will be supreme,
And *ev'ry* soul impress,
Till each reflects the glorious beam
Of God's own holiness.

We'll know why praise the saints did yield,
Why martyrs dar'd to die,
Why Son of God became our *Shield*,
Rock, Refuge, Surety.

As Heritage, as Help and Hope,
The Horn of our Salvation,
We will with Prophets find full scope
For ceaseless adulation.

As fountain to the souls that thirst,
Is of new life the giver,
Our source of joy will be in Christ,
For ever and for ever.

When ransom'd millions congregate
Before the great White Throne,
To honor and to celebrate
The work our Lord has done,

Then Heaven's high arches will resound
With praises sweet and long,
In sacred love and bliss profound
We'll sing *Salvation's* song—

Then Christ will wear His diadem
As *Victor, Priest, and King*,
And Cherubim and Seraphim
Will adoration bring.

Thro' Heaven's peaceful atmosphere,
 Sweet notes of melody
 Will float upon the balmy air
 From angel's symphony.

Then will our Lord be justified
 In all that He has done,
 And ever will be glorified
 As God and man in one.

Ye atheists who did deny
 The existence of our Lord,
 Who sought His faith to falsify,
 And disbeliev'd His word,

How will you fare in that great day,
 When, covered with disgrace,
 You see with wonder and dismay
 The glory of God's face?

And you, ye foolish, careless ones,
 Who deem'd it little worth,
 To be the Lord's adopted sons,
 And gave up Heaven for earth,

You'll find how fatal a mistake
 It was Christ to reject,
 What madness your poor souls to stake
 And for them *nothing get*.

And you who gave to God the lie,
 Ignor'd salvation's cost,
 And said, "'Twas needless Christ should die
 To ransom man as lost,"

POEMS OF LIVING TRUTH.

Will find your righteousness no plea,
For sin 'twill not atone,
That work of Christ alone can be
Accepted at the Throne.

And you who gave up Life for naught,
And prized a worldly pay,
Will find that all that you have sought
Will fail you in that day.

In that great day, when God shall be
Prompt in His people's cause,
From great long-suffering, being free
To execute His laws.

Oh! if ye would but be convinc'd
By Truth so full and plain,
A change in you would be evinc'd,
To your eternal gain.

Precept on precept, line on line,
God graciously has given,
No other way can you define
That leads to home in Heaven.

Think, sinner, of your soul destroy'd,
For which your Lord did die,
Of all the means He has employ'd
That soul to glorify.

Think if you wreck it by your course,
Through all eternity
You'll be consum'd with deep remorse,
In self-wrought agony.

To die is not *God's will* for you,
 He proffers you Life's gift,
 Gives you His promise full and true,
 And begs you to accept.

'Twill grieve your Father's heart to see
 Your priceless souls undone,
 His love o'erflowed to rescue thee
 By His beloved Son.

Why not accept Christ's work and live,
 Why foolishly refuse
 The great inheritance He'll give,
 That wise men always choose?

Great God! the world is deaf and blind,
 And future woe or weal
 Seems ne'er to occupy their mind,
 Or cause their souls to feel.

Lord, send *Thy Spirit* to include
 In *Truth's* redeeming sway,
 This erring, mighty multitude,
 Who crowd destruction's way.

Thank God, the day is drawing near
 When unbelief must cease,
 When careless men will hear and fear,
 And Christians will have peace.

When worldly wisdom, self and guile
 Will lose their pow'r to rule,
 When men no more will e'en revile
 The Christian as a fool.

Thank God, that Christ does live and reign,
Victor of death and hell,
That on our earth He'll stand again,
To ransom *it* as well.

Thank God, the Christian's trust is laid
On the unchanging One,
On promises the Father made,
Confirmed by *His Son*.

A SEQUENCE TO THE FOREGOING, AFTER LEARNING
OF THE DEATH OF A MUCH RESPECTED FRIEND.

That soul has gone! From life's headland,
Has launch'd off its projecting strand,
Out on the boundless sea.
Would I could think that little bark
Rode on the waves like Noah's ark,
In full security.

Was it alone? or with that Guide
Who makes the wild winds to subside
And cease their wailing roar?
Or did that little craft engage
Alone the stormy tempest's rage,
While speeding to that shore?

Ah! precious soul, by truth 'twas sought,
Precious, for it by blood was bought,
Christ long'd to have it saved.
The Way of Life to it was plain,
The earthly part itself was gain,
For it with love was paved.

How blind some men! We hear them say
That "So-and-So" has pass'd away—

There, sympathy does end.
They do not ask if vale of death
Was pass'd by him, at his last breath,
With Christ, the sinner's friend.

He's gone! Now he can testify
That *Christ* is man's sole surety
From condemnation just.
That God, thro' grace, did change his heart,
And saving faith to him impart,
We earnestly do trust.

HEAVEN IS A HOLY PLACE.

Some speak of Heaven as a place of rest from toil and care,
And hope when they have gone from earth to find their home is there.
This is the aspiration, too, of souls redeem'd by grace,
But 'tis far less than they expect in that all glorious place.
Converted souls, who have been taught the *love of Christ* on earth,
And by God's Spirit have been brought to light in the *new birth*,
Who have *imputed* righteousness of God's eternal Son;
These are prepar'd to stand before the High and Holy One.
But what of those who live but for this world of sin and sense,
Who toil for wealth and worldly joys, that cease when they go hence,
Who live for trifles, but ne'er seek *realities* above,
Ignore the counsels of their God, despise the Saviour's love;
Or multitudes who ne'er seek Him, who does their lives sustain,
And think that disregard of Him may prove a worldly gain,
Who careless live in unbelief of God's revealed will,
And if continued, will their cup of sorrow surely fill;
Or others who attend God's house, but have no heart for prayer,
But, as it is respectable, the tedious hour will bear?
While some do desecrate the day that God has holy made,

And spend it in vain worldly joys, or those that more degrade.
Who hate the reading of God's Word, wish not its truths to hear,
And deem their God and precious souls not even worth a prayer.
Can all these have a hope that they before God can appear,
And find a happy home in Heav'n, to end their toil and care?
This hope is vain, because, we know, men unrenew'd are blind,
And enemies to saving grace, and wayward in their mind.
Of Heaven, as a place of rest, men thoughtlessly can talk,
But those who gain admission there *on earth with God must walk.*
Three Loves form the basis of our hope of home in Heav'n,
And by God's Spirit its assurance unto us is giv'n.
First, *love of God*, that did devise salvation's wondrous plan,
Then *love of Christ*, who by His death perfected it for man.
Lastly, *the Christian's love*, that longs to lead the lost to *Christ*,
By showing them, for their redemption, *He has all suffic'd.*
A home in Heav'n is sweet, indeed, to those who love the Lord,
And who in life upon the earth His precious name ador'd.
The *joys in Heaven* emanate from its activities,
Which in the Saviour's presence are most bless'd realities.
The bliss of Heaven is that all are clad in righteousness,
And the soul wreath'd by love Divine in Peace and Holiness.
No mortal can behold or hear, or in his mind conceive,
The happiness Christ has prepar'd for those who Him receive.
That "God so lov'd" our rebel world is a great mystery,
And greater still His Son should die for man's iniquity;
But the agnostic is a monster, earth alone supplies,
That causes both in Heav'n and earth unwonted great surprise.
This world is man's probation time, here *Heaven is lost or won*,
The *only way* to Heav'nly rest is through God's only Son,
And souls unsanctified will find Heav'n a dreary land,
With all things uncongenial, naught *they* can understand.
A place that they would e'en abhor, where they could not abide,
Because they could not look upon the Saviour they denied.
They could not hold an interview with angels and with saints,
Whose joy would have no sympathy with their unhappy complaints.
And even if they could get there, in quite another way,

'Twould only emphasize their doom among the cast away.
 Oh! may the Spirit draw all hearts to seek the way that's true,
 For the Almighty has done all that even He can do;
 His *precious Son He sacrificed, His Spirit gives to plead,*
 God cannot force *free agent man*, but proffers all they need.
 The quiet whispers to the soul, in thoughts and deeds of wrong,
 Is the working of God's Spirit, which accepted, grows more strong,
 And if encouraged by the soul, God will perform the rest,
 For God wills not the death of any, but would see all blest.
 God knows the value of man's soul, *He paid its priceless cost,*
 And every one must blame himself if his poor soul is lost.

 FAITH.

DO YOU NOW BELIEVE?

Question:

"Do ye now believe? 'Twas easy
 In the sunshine and the calm,
 When the skies above were cloudless,
 And the very air was balm;
 Then the spirit, fill'd with gladness,
 Could not doubt or be afraid;
 You could trust Me in the sunshine—
 Can you trust Me in the shade?"

Answer:

Yes, I do believe, though truly
 The scene looks dark and drear,
 And the prospects now before me
 Give rise to anxious fear;
 Still, I can hear my Father's voice,
 It says, "Be not afraid."
 Well, I've trusted Him in sunshine,
 I can trust Him, too, in shade.

Yes, I do believe, tho' hearing
The whisperings of a breeze
That yet may scatter all my hopes,
As winds the autumn leaves;
But I know my Father ruleth,
And all things can perform,
I have trusted Him in sunshine,
I will trust Him in the storm.

Why should I not my Saviour trust?
My precious, faithful Friend?
His love shall cease to warm my heart
When His own grace shall end.
Yes, tho' He slay me, I will trust,
For He will me sustain,
In life He is my only hope,
In future life my gain.

JESUS HOMINUM SALVATOR.

Jesus, my Saviour, the brightest and best,
Beloved of all nations, the hope of all rest,
The Star that shines brightest the hour before day,
The safest of beacons, to point out the way;
The Friend ever near us, in whom we can trust,
To raise us to Heaven, from sin and from dust,
The Saviour by promise in ages long past,
The Alpha, Omega, the First and the Last.

My Saviour, dear Jesus, the truest, best Friend,
On whom all my hopes of salvation depend,
The Keeper and Giver of Life we had lost,
Who paid for our ransom so priceless a cost,
Unchanging in love, which will ever endure,
To make all His people forever secure.

Triumphant He'll reign as Emmanuel King,
While millions uncounted their off'rings will bring.
Then bright wreaths of glory will circle that brow,
That on cross of Mount Calvary meekly did bow;
Then the jewels He polished will glow in the crown
Of the Lamb of God, slain for the Life of His own.
The sweet songs of Cherubim, sounding on high,
The chorus of angels that peals thro' its sky,
The plaudits of saints by salvation made free,
Will all be for Him in that great jubilee.
And loud hallelujahs will echo the praise
Of *Jesus, the Saviour, the Ancient of Days.*

THE LOVE, GRACE, PATIENCE AND MYSTERIOUS TENDERNESS OF THE ALMIGHTY TO PERISHING SINNERS.

What *Love*, to raise to Heaven
The worm that crawls in dust,
To purchase thro' eternity
A ransom for the lost!

What *Grace*, to save a rebel
From judgment, death and hell,
To make him fit for glory,
And with his God to dwell!

What *Patience*, for six thousand years,
Iniquity to bear,
The cry of sinful millions
Ever rising to His ear!

What *Mystery*, for God to leave
His glorious throne on high,
Become a suffering man,
For sinful men to die!

Eternal life our Saviour bought,
That with Him man might dwell,
But if rejected, what remains,
But judgment, death and hell?

What greater tenderness than this
Could God to sinners show,
What more could the Almighty do,
What greater gift bestow?

And now from the Mercy Seat,
A flood of *Grace* goes forth,
It bursts the banks of Heaven,
And streams o'er guilty earth,

To wash away the vileness
Of man, deprav'd by sin,
To ope the gates of Heaven,
And let the ransomed in.

And still the cry: why will you die?
As graciously is given,
And God invites the sons of men
To seek their home in Heaven.

The Spirit calls on you to come,
And Christ chides your delay,
He promises to be to all
The Life, the Truth, the Way.

But when the trump of God shall sound,
Commanding Time to cease,
Where shall the unconverted look
For pardon and for peace?

The day of Grace will then be pass'd,
God will no longer plead,
And for the unconverted soul
Christ cannot intercede.

Oh, ye in God's own image made,
With deathless souls endow'd,
Why rest in your indifference,
Why swell that careless crowd,

Of worldly, unbelieving men,
Who never count the cost,
But heedless live, until at last
They are condemned and lost?

Know you not the gift of Christ
Is proffer'd to you all?
Be wise and choose the better part,
Accept the Saviour's call.

Remember, those *forgetting* God
Are guilty in His sight,
Will lose the crown and the rewards
Of Heaven and its delights.

FAITH IS NO FLOWER THAT BLOOMS TO DIE.

Faith is no flow'r that blooms to die,
When summer's suns are gone,
Faith is the gift of the *Most High*,
Which He will ne'er disown.
'Tis Faith that makes our sunshine sweet,
Through all our prosperous days;
'Tis Faith enables us to meet
Temptation's treacherous ways.

And when the tempest does arise,
And shrouds our hopes in night,
Faith soars triumphant to the skies,
And keeps its Lord in sight.

THE BIBLE.

THE TREASURES OF THE BIBLE.

God never forth from Eden drove
Man, ruin'd by the fall,
Without a sequence of creative love,
That did in sympathy and pity move,
To make provision that by grace would prove
A saving pow'r for all.

The omniscient One, in ages long ago,
Ordained His creature man,
To be the channel thro' which grace would flow,
To millions yet unborn, who thus would know
The wondrous love He did in Christ bestow,
By His redeeming plan.

Could God then, holy, sympathetic, wise,
Send man without a gleam
Of Light and Revelation from the skies,
To tell him of his soul that never dies?
Or did He leave him free to close his eyes
When Christ did him redeem?

Man, His best work, stamp'd with His image fair,
Erect in youthful grace,
Walk'd with his God thro' Eden's bright parterre,
And knew the honor of His friendship there,

And did the glory of His presence share,
And saw Him face to face.

Shall he whose form the Son of God did wear,
When on our earth He stood,
Be told God ne'er inspired man to bear
Tidings of Truth to all, that they might hear
Of Christ's Redemption won on Calv'ry here
By shedding of His blood?

God never left in darkness those for whom
His Son for ever pleads,
Christ bore humiliation from the womb,
Unheard-of cruelties, to save from doom
His murderers, who cried in Pilate's room,
"His blood be on our heads."

But God has been too mindful of His own,
His loving Truth to hide,
For He has sent to man His Scriptures down,
Inspir'd by Him who sits upon the throne,
The God-man, whom His ransom'd ones will crown
With glory, by His side.

So covenant with Noah brought the light,
That death thro' Adam's fall
God would in time obliterate in might,
By His anointed, precious in His sight,
And Saviour unto all.

Abram was told, too, of the promis'd One,
That would all nations bless,
In faith he went to sacrifice his son,
God held his hand before the deed was done,
To prove his righteousness.

The "wills" of Christ thro' Revelation shown,
 Men blindly would conceal.
 He wills that with Him He shall have His own,
 To share His glory on His Father's throne;
 No worm of dust could ever this have known,
 Till Christ did it reveal.

Yes, blessed be God, thẽ Bible's treasures stand,
 And ne'er shall pass away
 Man's guide to Christ, from whom he can demand,
 Thro' His own righteousness, eternal, grand,
 A place among the sav'd, at His right hand,
 In the millennian day.

THE GRAND OLD TESTAMENT.

The grand Old Testament of *Truth*, that gives God's prophecies,
 Our record of both God and man, for forty centuries,
 Is in the last days criticized by so-called erudite,
 Who vainly try to veil the Truth, God's Spirit did indite;
 Who reason 'tis not suited now to our advance of mind,
 That has left all the dogmas of past ages far behind!
 That nature, now by Science taught, supplies the best precept,
 That *cultured Reason* makes men wise, the old tales to reject,
 That the *Old Testament* was good, when men were blind and weak,
 That Mind has broken thro' the gloom, and made men free to seek
 The light that education brings, to make man's pathway plain,
 To rise by his own intellect and highest wisdom gain!
 Who teach that God did not inspire men to write prophecies,
 More than He did Philosophers like Plato, Socrates!
 'Twas this Old Testament reveal'd man to his God adverse,
 His creature fallen from His grace and sunk beneath Sin's curse.
 That by nature he is evil, lost, ruin'd, and undone,
 That there is none that doeth good by nature, not e'en one.
 It was *first* to show *Messiah* was ordain'd to lift the pall

That cover'd with its darkest folds the lives and hopes of all.
 It *first* rais'd up the standard of salvation for the lost,
 Proclaiming God's compassion, His sacrifice the cost.
 It show'd thro' all the ages down, how God kept in control
 Man, wayward and rebellious, in pity for his soul;
 How He gave them a covenant, He never did forget,
 And heap'd on them His kindness still, while they did Him reject.
 What could we know of all these truths but by *Old Testament*,
 The faithful chronicler of each most sacred great event?
 The history of the *Universe* comes solely from this source,
 God is its keeper, or to-day 'twould not be our resource.
 The hist'ry of the Bible is itself convincing proof
 That 'tis a message sent by God, of power, grace and truth.
 Its pathos, and its poetry, with influence combin'd,
 Present what never emanated from a finite mind.
 The miracle that it proclaims of God's redemption plan,
 Was never the conception of any mortal man.
 It tells all of the Crown of Life that we can learn of here,
 But adds, "No man can e'er conceive the bliss prepar'd there."
 Away, then, with the arrogance of men by nature blind!
 Away with rationalism, that stultifies the mind!
 Reason was given man to use for his eternal weal,
 To turn it to deny God's Truth must man's damnation seal.
 How marvellous it seems that man, *in God's own image made*,
 Should let his reason be controll'd, God's counsels to evade!
 Man, who first destin'd for a place no other ones could fill,
 Was then redeem'd, made heir of God, for glory higher still.
 That he should trample under foot mercies Christ did provide,
 Despise His sacrifice and love, and wrath of God abide!
 Men have precept upon precept, and Truth in line on line,
 How is it that the worldly *wise* cannot this Truth define?
 Tho' the wayfaring man can run, and read this truth, and learn,
 How strange it is some *Erudite* do blindly from it turn!
 The true reason, by the prophet to men God does thus write,
 "They speak not by My holy Word, because they have no light,"
 Isaiah viii: 20,

"Tho' I've spoken by the prophets, have visions multiplied,"
 "Used similitudes to teach them, by prophets verified," Hosea xii: 10.
 The *Erudite* who prostitute their reason and their lore,
 Will their presumption by and by most bitterly deplore.
 And God will all these matters right, in that great coming day,
 When Christ will visit earth again, and men and nations sway.
 Then every word in the *Old Book with Truth will brightly shine*,
 Illumin'd by the Lord of Life as *Word of God divine*.
 Who, then, will use his Reasoning pow'rs to set this Book aside,
 Where will men hide themselves from Him whom blindly they denied?
 Destroy the Bible, darkness then, worse than chaotic night,
 Would fall upon the millions left, to whom 'twas sent for Light.
 Help us, oh Lord, to love Thy Word, that when our Lord does come,
 We may partakers be with Him in the millennium.
 That in the bright activities of holiness and peace,
 We may thro' the eternities our love to Christ increase.

IS EARTH THE ONLY INHABITED WORLD?

IS EARTH THE ONLY INHABITED WORLD?

"Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed
 the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting,
 Thou art God," Psalm xc: 2.

Almighty God! sublime and holy name,
 Few comprehend, when they do use the same,
 All that *it* does comprise.
 Men think they yield all that this title's worth
 When calling Him *the God of Heav'n and earth*;
 But fail to recognize

*That He is God of a great universe,
Of worlds unknown, controll'd by laws diverse,
'Mongst which earth's but a speck!*
The glorious sun, with its life-giving light,
That rules our day and regulates our night,
With verdure earth to deck,

The centre is of *worlds* beyond surmise,
Is more than *earth* a million times in size,
Millions of miles away!
Round which our earth and planets do revolve,
As days, and weeks, and ages do evolve,
In punctuality:

There's "Mercury and Venus, Mars, Ceres,"
With "Jupiter," and others, such as these,
Are *worlds*, each with its sphere,
Millions of miles from either *earth* or *sun*,
We know not what for them the Lord has done,
But that they're in *His care*.

Is earth alone of all the worlds thus trac'd,
The one in which God *only* beings plac'd,
In His own image made?
The sun, the centre of His system great,
God would not leave *unpeopled, desolate*,
For earth's mere light and shade.

Did God create, then *leave these worlds alone*,
Yet sent *His Son* for *earth's sons* to atone
In covenant of grace?
This cannot be. These worlds are peopled, too.
Sinless, no doubt, and to their Maker true,
Who never lost their place.

But man, redeem'd by *God's own Son*, must gain
 Glory enhanced, and ever must remain

Joint heirs with Christ in Heav'n.

Yes, earth must be by Christ's redemption great,
Beyond all worlds who kept their first estate,
 For whom *Christ was not giv'n.*

The multitudes that will surround the throne
 Will come from earth, *redeem'd by Christ alone—*

They will be glorified.

As heirs of God, His Kings and Priests they'll be,
 To share with Christ supreme felicity,
Because for them He died.

Those faultless ones, who dwell in other spheres,
 Who ne'er have known sin, death or woe, and tears,
 Will there in bliss remain,

For them no pleadings at the Throne are made;
 For them God's love no priceless ransom paid,
For them Christ was not slain.

Oh, wondrous gift! God's work of love sublime,
 To raise up worms from sinful earth and time,
A crown of Life to gain.

This earth, where Christ pour'd out His precious blood,
 He will renew, and make supremely good,
And to it come to reign!

Philosophers with this may not agree,
 And prove these worlds from living souls are free,
 By so-call'd Science lore;

But purblind Science never could unfold
 What *Gospel truth* alone to us has told,
Why Christ His sufferings bore.

God made the *worlds* to glorify His name,
 As He made *earth*, to do the very same,
 But once His Son has died.
 That other worlds will ever give God praise,
 But *Man will reign with Christ thro' endless days*,
 We think is verified.

PRAYER.

THE PRAYER OF FAITH IS POETRY IN HEAVEN.

The prayer of Faith is poetry in Heaven, e'en tho' 'tis wing'd there
 on a groan, or sigh,
 Prayer by the Spirit unto us is given, and never fails to draw our
 Father nigh.

Almighty God,
 Glorious in holiness,
 Just in Thy acts,
 Yet in Thy mercy great,
 The only God,
 Who rules o'er universe,
 Yet pities man in his self-ruin'd state.

· We come to Thee,
 And at Thy footstool bow,
 For Thou dost bid
 Us to Thyself draw near,
 While we confess,
 In calling on Thee now,
 We are unworthy that Thou shouldest hear.

We dare not come
 As righteous in Thy sight,

POEMS OF LIVING TRUTH.

But in the merits
Of the righteous One,
Set up by Thee,
As Prince of Life and Light,
To give redemption, that for us He won.

We can look back
To all our life-long years,
And mark Thy care,
And Thy long-suffering love,
Tho' we were prone
While full of guilty fears,
To wander off from Thee, and faithless prove.

Yet Thou didst keep
Us by Thy Spirit sent,
Provide for, bless,
And guide us on our way,
Thy faithfulness
Unto Thy covenant
Proclaims the reason we are here to-day.

And shall not we,
Tho' wayward still, and weak,
Look up to Thee,
So loving, and so kind,
As King in faith,
Thro' Christ, who does us seek,
That we may still in Thee our guidance find?

We praise Thy name
That for us, ruin'd, lost,
In sympathy
Thou hast Thy covenant made
In our behalf,
With One who met the cost,
To bear our sins, and has the ransom paid.

Thou who art just,
 Art reconciled, to bless,
 Pardon, accept,
 And sanctify and save,
 Because Thy Son
 Hath wrought our righteousness,
 And conquer'd sin, and Hell, and fear of grave.

Thy Spirit give,
 To teach us of Thy love,
 To lift our thoughts
 Above Time's little things,
 And fix them on
 Realities above,
 To which we hasten on Time's ceaseless wings.

We ask for grace,
 To keep us in Life's path,
 Thro' ev'ry need
 To guide us on our way:
 We ask for faith,
 That strong and living faith,
 In promises that are Amen and Yea.

Be Thou, oh Christ,
 Our Counsellor complete,
 God of our lives,
 Our hope and strength combin'd,
 May we be found
 Sitting at Thy dear feet,
 Clothed in new robe, and in our rightful mind.

Free to look up
 For help Thou wilt bestow;
 We know, though all
 Our sins as scarlet be,

POEMS OF LIVING TRUTH.

They shall be white,
E'en as the driven snow,
And that we're safe, with Thee as Surety.

Oh, Lord, we plead
As we before have done,
For many years,
That our loved ones shall share
Thy promise made,
Which Thou wilt not disown,
To hear in their behalf our earnest prayer.

Thy Spirit give,
Convince, convict, convert,
These precious souls;
Teach them their urgent need;
Do Thou reveal
Christ waiting to exert
His saving pow'r, and cause them all to heed.

Lord, give Thy strength
To those who teach Thy Word,
Till Thine Elect
Their number full shall meet,
Then come to earth,
As her long look'd for Lord,
To reign o'er all, in victory complete.

We're in Thy hands,
We would not be elsewhere,
Thou'lt give us naught,
Nor will us aught deny,
But what is for
Our good, we witness bear,
Thou faithful art if we on Thee rely.

PRAYER THE KEY TO HEAVEN.

Lift up the hands to Heaven,
Bow down the knees in prayer,
God's Spirit will be given
To those who are sincere.

Come, in Christ believing,
His merits only plead;
Believing is receiving,
God will supply your need.

It is the trusting soul
That puts up such a prayer,
And Jesus will its name enroll
In Heav'nly record clear.

A rebel is made a son!
A worm with Christ an heir!
A crown, too, is for sinners won!
The outcast bid come near!

A stone pick'd from the mire!
And wrought to lustre bright!
Crude ore refin'd by fire!
Most precious in His sight!

Oh! wondrous condescension!
Was ever love so great?
'Bove man's apprehension,
While in his fallen state.

But when call'd home to glory,
We'll hear before the Throne,
All Redemption's story,
And know what Christ has done.

There *Praise* will silence *Prayer*,
 Faith full fruition find;
 Bliss be the atmosphere,
 And knowledge fill the mind.

Oh! cease not then your pray'r,
 While it can reach the throne,
 On earth you must prepare,
 There Heaven must be won.

But know that prayers or deeds
 Salvation ne'er controls,
Christ meets alone the needs
 Of our immortal souls.

THE CHURCHES.

IS THE CHURCH IN DANGER?

And is the Church in danger?
 Not if she will be true
 To Him who came to save the lost,
 And will her duty do.

Not if she shows to guilty man
 The path the martyrs trod;
 And will accept *no priest but Christ*,
 The spotless Lamb of God.

And is "The Church" in danger?
 Not if she fills her place,
 And tells God's Truth to rich and poor,
 Relying on His grace;

Not if she seeks, 'mid scenes of woe,
Where Christ oft stood of yore,
To win to Him those precious souls
From death for evermore.

But is the Church in danger?
Yes, in her inmost life,
Unless that works for Christ in God,
It will be quench'd in strife;

She has no charter, but from Christ,
No light but Him, no Head;
The Church that holds not Jesus *first*
Is dark and will be dead.

Oh! laymen of "The Church," arise,
Stand by your Lord's decree,
That there's *one Sacrifice, one Priest*,
Which makes salvation free.

Reject all pulpit teachings
That alter God's own plan,
Christ sent His Church to minister
And preach His Truth to man.

Be loyal to your *Priest* and *King*,
Your souls on this depend,
And if "The Church" be true to *Him*,
Support her to the end;

But if she lets her light go down,
God says, your duty's plain,
To go where *Christ is precious still*,
The Church He will sustain.

FESTIVALS.

CHRISTMAS.

All hail to Bethlehem's Babe.

Another Christmas day has dawn'd, and bro't the happy morn,
Of day of days, when Christ the Lord upon our earth was born.
Angels unite with the Redeem'd in this great jubilee,
To deck with gifts that Christ bestows, Life's glorious Christmas tree.
And well may earth, where this great work thro' Christ's strong love
was wrought,

Rejoice that He by covenant has man's salvation bought.

All hail, God's first best Christmas gift,

His own dear incarnate Son,

That fallen man He might uplift,

By His great redemption won.

He came to make God reconciled,

Thro' the shedding of His blood,

And bring back man by sin defiled,

To a life of endless good.

Born on earth, the lost to save.

Equal with God, He left His throne, for deep humility,
Tho' Lord of Life, He stoop'd to be child of humanity,
He bore the dark iniquity of all His Father's foes,
Whom justice doom'd, and Law condemn'd to everlasting woes,
Yet He, the boast of Heav'nly host, was by mankind despis'd,
And thro' their cruel hatred liv'd, was mock'd and crucified,

But the songs of angels sounded

O'er the hills of Palestine,

Not in vain, for He was wounded

Under covenant Divine.

The lowly Babe of Bethlehem

Was to be the Star to guide

His own to New Jerusalem,
 For it was for them He died.
All hail to Bethlehem's Babe.

The *first* advent of the Saviour, in His long promis'd birth,
 Has been mark'd by man for ages with gifts and festive mirth,
 A record plainly stereotyp'd, that Prophecy is true,
 And which gives the *Second advent* most full assurance, too.
 Yes, Christ will come again to earth, not helpless and despis'd,
 But as the *King of kings* to reign and to be justified;
 And every eye shall Him behold,
 And all knees to Him deflect,
 And ev'ry tomb on earth unfold,
 The stor'd dust of His elect.
 These can have no condemnation,
 They were judged in Christ before,
 But each one for coronation
 Safe in Christ for evermore.
Born on earth, the lost to save.

Down the lapse of bye-gone ages the truth that man denied
 Will that day be consummated, and be grandly verified,
 From the shining gates of glory in robes celestials wear,
 Will come angels and archangels, swift flying thro' the air,
 On that bright Advent morning, to collect Christ's ransom'd throng,
 And glorify the Prince of Life, to whom they do belong.
 Oh! what a Christmas it will be,
 When our Lord appears again!
 Then will be true festivity,
 For in ev'ry heart He'll reign.
 And long and loud will praises sound,
 In Heavenly melody,
 And love and peace on earth abound
 In sweetest symphony,
All hail to Bethlehem's Babe.

NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1879.

Link by link of Time's old chain is winding evermore,
Round the great Recording wheel on the eternal shore;
Each year and age it gathers—the record is complete,
Oh! how sad a history—before the Judgment Seat.
For ev'ry page will witness man's great iniquity,
His violence and hatred and dark duplicity.
Just God! He cannot pardon those who His Son despise,
And treat His great salvation and promises as lies!
Yet all nations of the world are stained by this fell sin,
Which Satan gilds and changes, souls to deceive and win.
The last faint glow of sunset—last of the dying year—
Proclaim'd its termination, as it did disappear.
Stor'd up in eternity, there is a history there
Of our unbelief or faith throughout the bye-gone year.
This year has been momentous in great events, that show
That God by Providential means will Satan overthrow.
Wars and fightings did abound. Euphrates stream was dried,
Jerusalem was open'd, and Turk rule set aside.
Plague, Pestilence and Famine fill'd many hearts with fear,
Startling signs that God did stamp upon the bye-gone year.
The world will still be wilful and mock God's prophecy,
And treat Christ's Second Advent with incredulity,
But neither man nor Satan can God's decree reverse
On earth, that's but an atom of God's great universe.
For *to earth* will Jesus come, as God and Man to reign,
And on the "Mount of Olives" His feet will stand again;
And where in bitter anguish He all forsaken died,
As King and Priest and Saviour He will be glorified.
Then, mental vision brighten'd, God will great things reveal,
And Truth in all its grandeur be known for woe or weal,
Grand day! So long expected, to ev'ry Christian dear,
The all-glorious New Year's Day of the Millennial year.
But who will be sufficient to meet the Judge's gaze,
And join the ransom'd people in songs of joyful praise?

Will the great men of this world, its noble, and self-wise,
 Have precedence to aid them before the great assize?
 'Twill be the loving Christian will hear the Saviour say,
 "Come, blessed of My Father," who waited for this day.
 And now we stand on threshold of the approaching year,
 And wait for further tokens that Christ is drawing near,
 We need only to discern what Time's events portray,
 That the morn is approaching, of the Millennial day.
 But ere next year's last sunset, our journey may be o'er,
 We may have launch'd out on the tide that breaks on yonder shore.
 But if the arms of Jesus are 'neath us in the wave,
 We safely can entrust Him with souls He died to save.
 Yes, we can bid glad farewell to earth, its sin and toil,
 And all its vicissitudes, inherent in its soil.
 Yet if among the Ransom'd, when Christ on earth will reign,
 We know that, as His servants, we'll visit earth again;
 When she in pristine glory and renovated state
 Will bloom like Eden's garden, in her redemption great.
 Here, or gone, we'll not wait long till Christ to earth will come,
 To make her, by His presence, a happy, holy home,
 For His elect, the blood-bought, to reign a thousand years,
 His righteousness established, with banishment of tears.
 A grand *New Year's Day* for earth, a day of joy unknown,
 When precious gifts and blessings will issue from His throne,
 Jerusalem will flourish, *Messiah reign as Lord*,
 And *Truth* will be triumphant, and glorify God's Word.

EASTER.

I lay down My life, that I may take it again.

When Mary sought, thro' morning's early gloom,
 Her Lord's remains, within the rock-bound tomb,
 And wist not "who would roll the stone away,"
 That they might then anoint His precious clay,
 She loved in unbelief.

But greater far the unbelief of John,
Whom Mary told the Lord from tomb had gone,
For he had known that Christ Himself had said,
That He would rise the third day from the dead:
Faith brought him no relief.

He knew Christ *gave* His life, when He was slain,
That He had pow'r to take it up again,
That He once ask'd, "Dost thou on Me rely?"
He that believes on Me "*shall never die*"—

John's faith must have been weak.
But with Christ's foes, a doubt did not remain,
That tho' deceiver, He would rise again,
And with their soldiers they His tomb did watch,
To thwart His plan and His disciples catch,
Should they His body seek.

God had this guard as witnesses design'd,
To tell that Christ had risen to mankind,
That He had man's redemption truly wrought,
Perfecting all that by His blood He bought,

A most convincing proof.
Peter knew well, why then was he surpris'd?
For at the cross he had been well appris'd,
By words to dying thief, when Christ replies,
"This day thou'lt be with Me in Paradise,"
Words that he knew spoke Truth.

A striking instance of Christ's wondrous power
To save the lowest in a dying hour,
A soul thus ransom'd from eternal loss,
Bestow'd with vict'ry, e'en while on the cross,
O'er his approaching grave,
These faithless doubts, wrought out in strongest light,
Gave vital Truth to man to keep in sight

That Christ did die, and rose a victor then,
 O'er death and Hell, for lost and ruin'd men,
 Their endless souls to save.

That one word, "Mary," which the Saviour said,
 Reveal'd her Master, risen from the dead,
 On that same day as victor o'er the tomb.
 He met His own, still wrapt in grief and gloom.
 With new born faith they did in Him believe,
 With joy their Lord and God they did receive,
 A testimony sure,
 When all earth's monuments lie in decay,
 When Time and vanities have passed away,
 When worldly men, who ne'er would Jesus own,
 Are nowhere found, and e'en their names unknown,
 Glad Easter will endure.

'Twas cords of love bound Christ unto the tree;
 His cry, "'Tis finished," set the sinner free;
 Announcement grand, which with loud voice He gave,
 Proclaimed Him victor over Hell and grave.
 Ascended Lord, He lives
 To seal His resurrection from the tomb,
 And save our race from its eternal doom.
 Thus Christ's great work on earth is made complete,
 Until to earth again He comes to meet
 The promise Easter gives.

EASTER, 1891.

Thoughts on the sermon of Bishop William R. Nicholson from Matt.
 xxviii: 6.

Easter recalls
 How Heaven's halls
 Glow'd with astonishment

When, to save man,
Christ form'd the plan
To bear his punishment.

To leave His throne,
And to atone
For earth's lost, ruin'd race,
The angels thought
Was dearly bought,
A miracle of grace.

It must have been
The primal scene
Of God's great sympathy,
His stooping down
For earth alone,
To Heav'n was mystery.

'Twas man who fell
And did rebel,
And blessing chang'd to curse,
This world *alone*
By sin undone
In God's great universe.

No world but this
Lost the impress
Of God's creative hand,
That Christ e'er died
For aught beside
We cannot understand.

Christ *once* then died
Man's sin to hide,
For other worlds He lives.

By His shed blood,
A higher good
To ransom'd man He gives.

Man, as co-heir
With Christ, will share
In His most glorious reign,
Christ, as Brother,
Knows no other,
In all God's wide domain.

Did Christ perform
This grand reform?
The answer's plain to see,
When rock-bound tomb
Prov'd but the womb
Of Easter's victory.

"He is not here,"
In accents clear
The angel calmly said;
From earth's prison
He has risen,
To be your glorious Head.

He rose to prove
His conquering love,
Great acme of His worth;
From Heav'n again
He'll come to reign
O'er this His native earth.

Messiah's throne,
'Tis clearly shown,
Will be where David reign'd,

There Christ will bring
 His rule as King
 O'er earth, His kingdom gain'd.

There He will stand
 In full command,
 "As Ensign unto all"
 Of Is-ra-el,
 With them to dwell,
 The remnant He will call.

From earth Christ gleans
 The gems He cleans,
 From Heaven to earth came down,
In Him, their light,
 Will make most bright
 His mediatorial crown.

Will not earth be
 Eternally,
 Scene of Christ's victory won?
 Here "justified
 And satisfied,"
 As God's atoning Son.

SUGGESTED BY BISHOP W. R. NICHOLSON'S SERMON.
 Col. i: 15.

God's glory, and His majesty, to man ineffable,
 Were made of a necessity to all invisible,
 For none could see and live;
 E'en the angels from that glory their faces have to veil,
 And sin did utter hopelessness on our lost race entail.
 And dark exclusion give.

But God, in wondrous love, perform'd a miracle of grace,
 Thro' *Christ, His image*, gave man pow'r to look upon His face,
 Sole medium of His love,
 Thro' Him alone the host of Heav'n, who kept their first estate,
 Are partakers of His glory, in praise upon Him wait,
 In courts of Heav'n above.

God's greatest gift of bounteous love was to the sons of earth,
 When God became man's Surety, at His incarnate birth,
 The Way, the Life, the Truth.
 God had design in giving man o'er all the earth control,
 For in *His image* he was made, with spiritual soul,
 Bless'd in his new born youth.

Then Christ the Lord was sent to earth to rescue ruin'd man,
 When God in wondrous grace wrought out the new and living plan,
 To keep him still His heir.
 Man, destin'd for eternal life, in God's own likeness made,
 By Christ, who bore that image too, can now alone be saved,
 And in His glory share.

God's love, and cov'nant faithfulness, is marvellously great,
 Christ won for man a *brighter crown* than did him first await,
 His nature Christ did raise,
 Made it partake of the *Divine*, to sit upon God's throne
 In the person of the *God-man*, the Father's only Son,
 Thro' Life's eternal days,

An ensign of the grace of God, who did for man atone,
 And raised him from the mire of sin, and set him with His own.
 While in this wilderness;
 But when set free to soar on high, his precious Lord to meet,
 Will take from earth a blooming wreath of love and praise to greet
 The Lord, his righteousness.

Amazing this salvation! the glory given more!
The ransomed sinner ne'er can cease His Saviour to adore,
 For His atoning love.
Of all of thanksgiving songs in Heav'n, the sweetest, loudest ones
Will rise in glorious symphony from earth's redeemed sons,
 Their earnest love to prove.

HYMNS AND POEMS.

AN AUTOGRAPH IN A BIBLE.

May a dying Saviour's love, a risen Saviour's power, an ascended
Saviour's intercession, and a returning Saviour's glory, be
 the joy of your heart—1876.

The Christian's treasures are secure,
 Tho' earthly riches cease,
The promises of God are sure,
 And never can decrease.

All that a dying Saviour's love,
 A Risen Saviour's might,
Can gain for him in realms above,
 Will yield him sure delight.

The all-prevailing intercession
 Of his ascended Lord,
Will wash his soul of all transgression,
 And yield him rich reward.

One of that company he'll make,
 With his returning Lord,
And of His glory he'll partake
 And execute His word.

In the great millennian day,
When Christ returns to reign,
And exercise eternal sway
O'er earth, renew'd again,

His feet will press *Mount Olivet*,
Where lies Gethsemane,
And there in majesty He'll sit
And issue His decree.

His blood-bought family will stand
As princes round His throne,
Exulting in their Lord's command,
In Him as King alone.

None then will *Son of man* deny,
All will objections waive,
None then will wag the head and cry,
"Himself He cannot save."

For Christ will then be justified,
And justify His own,
With them He will be glorified,
For the *Redemption won*.

Sure are these treasures for the soul
That loves its Lord's return,
And while the endless ages roll,
In bliss it will sojourn.

THE CHRISTIAN JUBILANT.

God shall be known
To all His own,
When time shall be no more,

When on the wide
Resistless tide
We launch out from earth's shore,
When none is near
To calm our fear,
And bear us safely o'er;
His guardian care
With us He'll share,
And we shall safely land
At Zion's bay,
Led all the way
By His own faithful hand.
Then will be known
To God His own,
On that eventful day,
When Christ shall stand
At His right hand,
And hold eternal sway;
When earth shall quake,
And mountains shake,
And tombs their dead deliver,
When men will call
On rocks to fall
And hide their shame for ever.
Then will be known
To Christ His own,
To whom He will unfold,
The treasures great
That do await,
Them in the Heavenly fold.
For as blood-bought,
Their love He sought,
For them He bled and died,
In mansions blest,
In endless rest,
They will with Him abide.

And they will chant,
All jubilant,
The praises of the Son,
While ev'ry note
To Heav'n will float,
To tell that *Vict'ry's* won.
Nor will that throng
E'er cease the song
Of hallelujah sweet,
While Jesus reigns,
And Heaven remains,
Christ's glory to complete.

THANKS BE TO GOD, WHO GIVETH US THE VICTORY.

"Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through Jesus Christ
our Lord," 1 Cor. xv: 57.

When dissolution does assail,
When all life's vital powers fail,
And earth does claim its own;
When earthly treasures dimly fade,
Unable then to render aid,
And all earth's joys are done,

When the soul reaches life's head land,
And trembling there awhile, does stand
Ready to take its flight,
When it looks o'er the boundless sea,
Whose waves break on eternity,
How precious is that Light,

That sends its beams across the wave,
With the assurance *Christ will save*,
And give the *Victory*.

POEMS OF LIVING TRUTH.

Then does the soul awake to find
Why Christ to cruel death resigned
Himself on Calvary.

That 'twas to save man's precious soul,
And ev'ry step its way control,
To the eternal shore.
It now can brave the stormy tide
And hasten to its Saviour's side,
To part from Him no more.

All hail to Christ, the sinner's Friend,
We dare not on aught else depend,
In this extremity:
For no one else can sinner save.
Christ's *resurrection* from the grave
Gives us the victory.

PRAYER.

The Heav'nly windows Prayer can ope,
To make the hard heart soft;
Grace keeps alive the lamp of Hope,
Prayer has been answer'd oft.

Love's admonitions men may treat
With silence and disdain,
But God can all this trial meet,
And faith by grace sustain.

Prayer that's awaken'd by God's grace
Must be by mercy heard,
Effectual before His face,
His Spirit prompts each word.

Wherever offer'd, true prayers rise,
To which an answer's giv'n—
Doubtful, perhaps, in worldly eyes—
Have record still in Heav'n.

'Twas Nehemiah us'd to pray
Behind his master's chair;
And Job, as he on dung hill lay,
And Daniel, without fear,

Peter on the house-top sought
The living, open fount;
Paul, his prayer to sea shore brought,
And Christ pray'd on the mount.

Even the thief's expiring breath
Was occupied in prayer,
And in the agonies of death,
He got his answer there.

PRAYER THE BEGINNING OF PRAISE.

'Tis sweet, in sleepless hours in bed,
To feel the spirit rise
In longings to our Living Head,
For balm that He supplies.

To know that God, in whom we live,
For all our wants does care,
And to Him our ascriptions give
Of love, and praise, and prayer.

To gain for soul a distant sight
Of glory round the Throne,
And of those peaceful scenes of light
Where sorrow is unknown.

To get of that bless'd land a glance,
Where Jesus has prepar'd
For each a great inheritance,
And of His glory shar'd.

To see Life's crystal river flow
Thro' fields of living green,
Where trees of living fruit do grow,
A holy, happy scene.

To seem to hear some distant note
Of hallelujahs giv'n,
That thro' that atmosphere does float
From ev'ry part of Heav'n.

Where the diadem of glory
Now that dear brow adorns,
Tho' worn for us on Calvary
As crown of cruel thorns.

The heart's affections thus to raise
To such a steadfast Friend,
Seems the beginning of that praise
That ne'er will have an end.

Oh! wondrous love, to let a worm
To Heav'nly rest aspire,
And by the Spirit to confirm
A wretched worm's desire.

Thank God, so precious is Christ's love
The faintest spark grows bright,
Till in a flame 'twill glow above,
Reflecting Jesus' light.

By cov'nant love Christ does insure,
Strength to the bruised reed,
By Him *worms* even can secure
All that His love decreed.

MY SONG IN THE NIGHT.

THE CHRISTIAN'S SOPORIFIC.

I thank Thee, Father, for Thy love,
This day bestow'd on me;
For all Thy mercies from above,
Thro' Christ, my Surety.
Dear Saviour, ere I fall asleep,
Come Thou in love to me,
That I my wayward thoughts may keep
From wandering from Thee.

Refrain.

Thank God, there *is* salvation
For sinners lost, undone,
In *Christ a new creation*,
By Him the vict'ry won.

Jesus, my best affections claim
And centre all in Thee,
And make Thine own most precious name
More precious still to me.
Oh, Holy Spirit, in love give
Assurance sweet to me,
That tho' a sinner, I shall live
Thro' Christ eternally.

Refrain.

He is the sole foundation
On which I take my stand,
The Rock of my salvation,
Unmoveable and grand.
Thy coming Lord to Earth again
I think of with delight,
When Thou in majesty shall reign,
Establishing the Right.

Refrain.

Redeem'd by Thee, I'm free to crave
At Thy dear feet a place,
To hail the Love that did me save
A monument of grace.
In love Thou didst for me atone,
Oh! guard me all my days,
Until I stand before Thy throne,
To give Thee endless praise.

Refrain.

When at the Saviour's feet we lie,
In our last failing breath,
Those round us will suppose we die,
But *in Christ there's no death!*
Most true, the Christian never dies,
For on the wings of Love
From sin-sick earth he upward flies,
To Christ, and home above.

Refrain.

The body wilt, indeed, return
Unto its native earth,
The soul, set free, Christ will adorn
For its celestial birth.
Lord! as my last breath fades away,
Be Thou my strong relief,

And let me hear Thee plainly say,
 As once to dying thief,
 "Thy soul this day shall be with Me
 In realms of Paradise,"
 From sin and death I've set thee free
 By My great sacrifice.

Refrain.

Dear Saviour, when my call does come,
 Be Thou my loving guide,
 Unto Thine own celestial home,
 Redeem'd and glorified.
 Then I'll commit unto Thy care
 The lov'd ones left behind,
 Beseeching Thee to draw all near,
 That they may pardon find.
 And as we meet around Thy throne,
 We'll give Thee earnest praise,
 That Thou hast made us thus Thine own,
 Thro' Life's eternal days.

Refrain.

Jesus! my love and faith increase.
 Set me from Satan free.
 Thy promise is to keep in peace
 The soul that trusts in Thee.
 Thank God, there is salvation
 For sinners lost, undone,
 In Christ a new creation,
 By Him the vict'ry won.

Refrain.

THE TIDE THAT FLOWS FROM TIME TO ETERNITY.

The ceaseless throb of ocean's tide, that laves earth's many lands,
 Is but responsive to the one that breaks on unknown strands;

It speaks of a Divinity that placed a pulse therein,
 That will not cease to beat until the end of Time and Sin.
 And there's a tide invisible, in that well travelled sea,
 That has its countless millions borne unto eternity.
 E'en now the great majority are gather'd on that shore,
 And ev'ry day, and ev'ry hour, do make the number more.
 The millions, too, now on this earth, are nearing fast the goal,
 And of the sons of men, ere long, it will contain the whole.
 The wrecks of hosts who have gone there are strew'd along that coast,
 They thought not of the Pilot, in whose care no soul is lost.
 But multitudes, too wise to launch upon that storm-toss'd tide
 Without that One who knows the way their little barks to guide,
 Engag'd the Pilot, at whose word the stormy billows cease,
 To steer them o'er the waters calm'd to Paradise and Peace.
 How many still launch from earth's shores, each in his self-mann'd
 bark,

To brave the storms of that great sea alone, and in the dark!
 And foolishly reject the aid of Him who rules the sea,
 And will safely take them to the glad shores of Zion's bay.
 Yet each, for self, will have to meet his Maker face to face,
 With "guilty" stamp'd upon his brow, if scorning saving grace.
 Then wilful ignorance and pride, and duties left undone,
 Will cover men with untold shame before the Holy One.
 "Some say, Men *once* did guidance need from words of Bible's page,
 But 'tis no guide for wiser men in this enlightened age."
 But did not the Omniscient God prescribe for the whole race
 To last until eternity, will Time itself replace?
 Men now, with much of knowledge gain'd, seem blinder than before;
 Intelligence unsanctified makes sin's presumption more.
 The worldly-wise attempt to show, in their short-sighted pride,
 That the *Bible* is delusive, and "*Science*" man's best guide.
 But Christ will banish, when He comes, the refuge of men's lies,
 And scatter all His enemies who did His Word despise.
 Hail happy day, when Right shall rule, and sin shall cower and die,
 And Christ shall visit earth again, His cause to justify.

GOD THE SOURCE OF SAVING LOVE, BENEFICENT
AND KIND.

Our Surety can lay His hand on God and us defil'd,
And bring us to the Father, who in Him is reconcil'd.
Thus God in Him can justify, and sanctify, and save,
And grant a full redemption to those who do it crave
From Him, the source of saving love,
Beneficent and kind.

God made man from the dust of earth, erect in pristine grace,
And stamp'd on him the lineaments of His own glorious face,
He sent from Heav'n its brightest light, to ransom him from Sin,
Where can such great love terminate when He did it begin?
He, the Source of saving love,
Beneficent and kind.

God let man nail His own dear Son to malefactor's cross!
To save man's never-dying soul from everlasting loss;
For him the *precious, sinless Lamb of God* was foully slain,
To lift a poor worm from the dust, his birth-right to regain.
With Him, the Source of saving love,
Beneficent and kind.

Love so amazing, if 'tis spurned, will cup of sorrow fill,
And Reason says 'tis madness and will terminate in ill.
What are the learned men doing who stand by and endorse
Denial of our Father's love, which is man's sole resource.
As manifested by Christ's love,
Beneficent and kind.

What could we do if we were not in our dear Saviour's care,
That in His love He might with us His countless mercies share?
How would we fare if He were not each moment by our side?
But let us thoughtless drift away on Time's deceiving tide,
From the Source of saving love,
Beneficent and kind.

The world is reasoning away the truth that God has giv'n,
 And wise (?) men try to prove there is a better way to Heav'n.
 But men may change and go astray, and boast of all they've done,
 The *God-appointed way is still the one, the only one*,
 He, the Source of saving love,
 Beneficent and kind.

HERE AND THERE.

How soon this vain, deceitful world, does valueless become,
 Which clearly points the Christian's soul to its eternal home,
 Its happiness to share.
Here the bright things of Time and sense are transient at best,
 While mortal vision ne'er can reach the joys that wait the blest
 In that bright atmosphere.

Here, trials blight the fairest hopes, and make the heart forlorn;
There, hopes are to fruition chang'd, and crowns of Life are worn,
 That Christ for us has won.
Here, anxious cares successive rise, and spread their fears around,
There, the joys of our salvation do ev'rywhere abound,
 Thro' God's redeeming Son.

Here, friends change into enemies, past friendship is forgot,
There, we shall have the Friend of friends, whose friendship faileth not,
 More sure than earthly love.
Here, some will coldly cease regard and show instead disdain,
There, will the love that ransomed us forevermore remain,
 While Christ does reign above.

Here, disappointment is our lot, and prospects change so fast,
 We learn the truth, when we look back upon the years we've past,
 How vainly we have run.
There, we shall prosper as we go, in home of joy and peace,
 With certainties that Christ provides, which ever must increase
 With His own glories won.

Here, valued friends are called away, and we are left to mourn,
The busy world still presses on, without the least concern,
And they are soon forgot.
There, knowledge will expanded be, to know and recognize
Our own, and all who wear the crowns that Christ's great love supplies.
His grand Forget-Me-Not.

Here, Satan watches every thought, to lure our souls away,
There, will our Shepherd watch o'er us, and will not let us stray
From pastures bright and green,
Where we shall eat the golden fruits that ev'ry month mature,
For the healing of the nations, their comfort to ensure,
In that celestial scene.

Here, soon we'll be from earth set free; while passing the dark vale,
We need not fear if Christ be near, tho' enemies assail,
For He has pass'd thro' all these scenes and now on yonder shore.
With beck'ning hand He bids us land and know Him evermore,
As our eternal light.

At Zion's gates He ever waits to gather in His own,
He keeps the key that opes our way, and in Him we are known,
With trials o'er, in sin no more, and in His love complete,
We'll yield Him praise thro' Life's long days, rejoicing at His feet
And ever in His sight.

Here, mercies great upon us wait, while we unthankful are,
There, we shall know whence they did flow, and who did for us care;
Here, sin does reign, while it seems vain to overcome the ill,
There, sin will cease, with endless peace Christ will our beings fill,
For our eternal joy.

Oh! precious Lord, do Thou award to us Thy blood-bought prize,
That we may meet Thee at our call in homes of Paradise,
And with the blest, who are at rest in Heaven's holy calm,
We'll join the Heav'nly host in song of Moses and *The Lamb*,
Which the redeem'd employ.

These contrasts are of Gospel Truth, but we must bear in mind
The show'rs of blessings that unceasing come to all mankind,
E'en on the wayward, careless souls, that take all as of course,
And never yield the Giver thanks, who is their only source,
Dark fruit of unbelief.

HOME, SWEET HOME.

The Poet was no theorist who of sweet home did write,
And that song still our fancy fills with feelings of delight.
There is no place like home on earth, that is so truly sweet,
Where mutual love and interest in sympathy do meet.

Thank God, we have such homes on earth where He does hold the sway,
And where contentment ever shines, to drive complaint away,
Where grateful love and courtesy produce a happy peace,
In a home like this there's sweetness, where blessings do increase.

All homes are sweetest where God's love has a controlling pow'r,
And is the rule, and Christian faith does brighten ev'ry hour;
Where duties are performed with a cheerfulness of mind,
And ev'ry heart beats consonant in happiness combin'd.
Where family prayer is offer'd for blessing thro' the day,
And Christ's direction and protection each step of the way.

When men have trials that they think are difficult to meet,
'Tis there they find the sympathy that makes home truly sweet,
'Tis there the hand of love provides and yields its bounty still,
And ministers to ev'ry want, and banishes the ill.

How blest! as life's short years decline, to have a home-like peace,
To find our cares and trials thro' kind sympathy to cease,
To stand up strong when each fond heart helps soothe the ills of life.
With sweet, encouraging counsel from children and from wife.

The sweets of Home this poet can exultingly recite;
He knew most fully how those sweets of Home produce delight,
God has for us a sweeter Home in Heav'n, where Christ does reign,
And which we can thro' cov'nant Love most certainly obtain.

And oh! what bliss in seeing all of those that are our own
With us, and Christ's redeemed ones, where parting is unknown!
When realities eternal to each dear soul has come,
Then will the retrospect be sweet of what was our

SWEET HOME.

THE TRINITY IN UNITY.

The Trinity in unity
Some self-wise men declare,
Is to them a great mystery,
Its meaning is not clear.

But it is logical and plain,
And with reasoning light,
No willing mind can e'er refrain
From seeing it is right.

With the Almighty Christ did reign,
E'er earth assum'd its state,
As Son of God, He did obtain
All power to create.

He was anointed the *God-man*,
Left Heaven's throne for earth,
To make complete God's gracious plan,
By His incarnate birth.

God's Son, Creator, Saviour,
Was God undoubtedly;

POEMS OF LIVING TRUTH.

And man's avow'd disfavor
Is infidelity.

Christ is therefore God anointed
By the Almighty's plan,
And as God-man was appointed
Sole ransom of man.

But man chang'd from his God's design,
Needed new creation
By influence that is Divine,
To gain Christ's salvation.

So God the Father, God the Son,
Their Holy Spirit gave
To man, by sin lost and undone,
Whom Christ alone could save:

To fit man by creation new,
And faith in Jesus Christ,
And His atonement kept in view,
That had for all suffic'd.

This essence of the Deity
Must also be Divine,
Third person of the Trinity,
All which *God* does combine.

The Spirit does Divinely teach,
The God-man does redeem,
Thus God can man with pardon reach,
And myst'ry's but a dream.

THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN PROSE AND POETRY.

Homer's pictures in Poetry of life and manners are
 So true, so luring, so distinct, so palpable and fair
 That an encyclopædia of disconnected facts
 In *Prose* could not describe to us the great controlling acts:
 'Tis in the wondrous property of *verse* that there is found
 The metrical and rythmic art of syllable and sound.
 To catch and give back to others, not stories of the acts,
 But the acts themselves with the feelings that inspir'd the facts,
 Thus the thing is brought before us, patent to our view,
 And we enjoy a full assurance that the facts are true.
 Whate'er the cause, the fact is so, *Poetry has a pow'r*
Life-giving, which *Prose* never had, like plant that has no flower.
 But great men, and those who are most properly call'd great,
 Whate'er is genuine and true in their natural state,
 Do reach beyond plain *Prose* that's wanting in vitality,
 To *Poetry*, that meets them with its clear reality.
 It is the same with Poet's art, as with stone that sculptors choose,
 Sandstone will not like marble carve, its texture is too loose
 To retain the sharp outline that true likeness does impart,
 And which draws forth the approbation of the sculptor's art.
Prose tells us of the naked facts, quotes Logic, and the Laws,
 Gives the effect that must result from any given cause:
 But *Poetry* produces thought and feeling in its view,
 And photographs it on the mind like nature, bright and true.
Poetry investigates, and by writers is defin'd
 The best means of information for the inquiring mind.

These lines are in conformity with the views of James Anthony Froude,
 M. A., the learned writer, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford,
 England.

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